SHOOLBREDS

RICH FUR COATS

Made from carefully selected skins of fine quality and lustre. Fashioned by Furriers of exceptional skill.

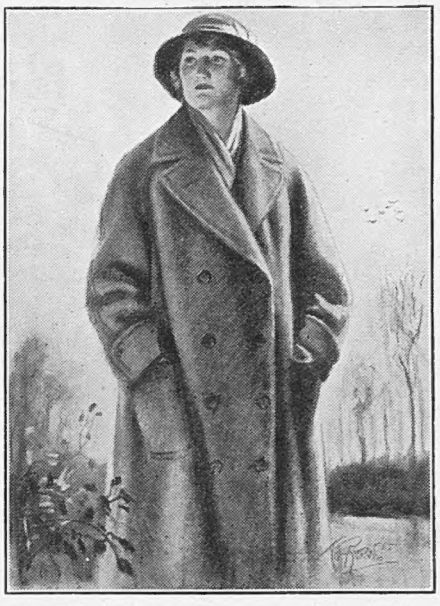
EASTLEIGH.—A smartly cut Coat in fine quality Coney, with yoke across shoulders. Lined fancy Silk.

£18 · 18 · 0

ASHBY. A handsome half-length Coat of fine quality Seal Coney, with the new large Collar of Beaver Coney; also flounce of same. New bell-shaped sleeve, with Fur wind cuff.

£38 · 10 · 0

Jas. Shoolbred & Co., Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1



Eiderscutum

FOR LIGHTER & WARMER AUTUMN - WINTER WRAPS

Moss-like in texture for lightness: virgin wool for warmth, softness and fixity of colours. Varying styles—fixed prices.

£9 9 0 double-breasted. £8 8 0 single-breasted.
Ready to wear or to order. Men's coats same prices.

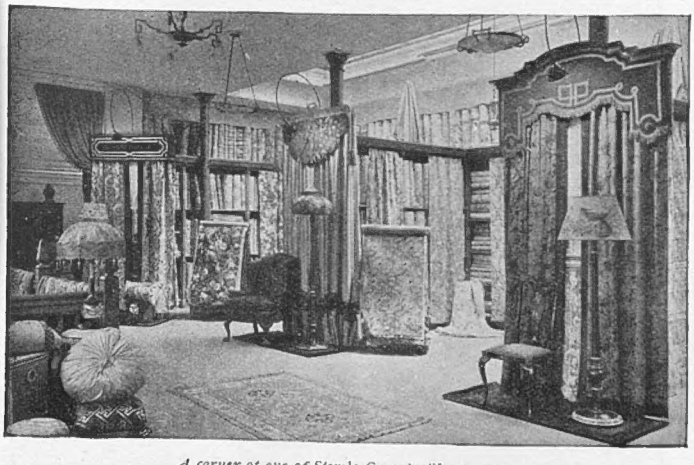
SOLE MAKERS:

Aquascutum Ltd.

100 REGENT ST.
LONDON W1.

Mention of *Bystander* will bring catalogue and patterns by return mail

Renowned for weatherproofs since 1851.



A corner of one of Story's Curtain Showrooms.

STORY & CO. LTD.

Story's New Fabrics for

CURTAINS & COVERINGS

produced in the latest colourings, convey in any Window or Upholstery treatment an effect of warmth and cheerfulness which effectively combats the dreariness of the Winter months.

Customers when visiting the Showrooms will find the various specimen colour groupings and curtain schemes on view of great assistance in deciding new treatments or their own rooms.

STORY'S
Kensington.w

SO many people just ask for a Showerproof Coat; it is quite as easy to ask for a

"Cravenette"

PROOFED COAT

which means so much more, for the proof is the essential. Be the "cut" of the coat ever so good, an inefficient proof means an inefficient garment.

"Cravenette" Proofed Coats for Men, Women, and Children, are obtainable from leading Stores and Outfitters everywhere.

Look for this Stamp. No Guarantee without.

Reg.d Trade Mark "Cravenette" PROOFED BY The Cravenette Co Ltd

If any difficulty please write—
THE CRAVENETTE CO., LTD.,
(Branch of The Bradford Dyers' Association, Ltd.)
(Dept. 24), Well Street, BRADFORD.

WHAT!

The Life-Boats in a paper devoted to **Pleasure and Sport!**

Why Not?

Could there be

A FINER SPORT in the WORLD

than to face all the dangers of stormy seas for the sake of men's lives?

What men show more conspicuously than the Life-Boatmen those qualities which

ALL SPORTSMEN ADMIRE,

Prompt and cheerful courage, quickness of decision, refusal to admit defeat?

Will YOU help to provide these brave men with the best Life-Boats that science can devise and money can buy?

The Life-Boat Service receives **not one penny** from the State, but

IF YOU

and 249,999 other patriotic men and women will give

ONLY ONE GUINEA

a year it will be enough to maintain the Service round our **5,000 miles of coast.**

LORD HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* GEORGE F. SHEE M.A., *Secretary.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Grant's

"STAND FAST"

ALSO GRANT'S "LIQUEUR" SCOTCH AND GRANT'S "BEST PROCURABLE"

WM. GRANT & SONS Ltd., *Distillers.* Contractors to H.M. Government.
Sole Proprietors—The Glenfiddich and Balvenie Glenlivet Distilleries
EXPORT OFFICE, 16 CARLTON PLACE, GLASGOW.
London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch: Messrs HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
WINE MERCHANTS TO H.M. THE KING, 153 REGENT STREET, W.1.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Whether it is an exquisite evening gown or a smart walking frock, there is always charm, quality, and *chic* in every Gooch model —and moderation of price.

"VERONIQUE"

Charming Morning Frock of good quality wool jersey, made on simple, long, becoming lines, and piped with contrasting colours. In Black piped Grey, Mushroom/Putty, Nigger/Fawn, Brown/Fawn, Purple/Grey, Rust, Blue, Green, and many other shades. Price **63/-**

Send for Goochs new illustrated Autumn Dress Catalogue.

"PAMELA"

Becoming Afternoon Gown of black satin trimmed black velvet. Quaint bodice held at side with black roses of velvet with silver centre. Also in Golden Brown and Beaver. Price **9½ Gns.**

Cannot be sent on approval.

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Tube Station: Knightsbridge
'Phone: - - - Kens. 5100

Harrods 6-Day Sale of Antiques

BEGINS MONDAY, OCT. 16TH

For six days only Harrods entire stocks of Genuine Antiques to be offered at considerably reduced prices, affording an exceptionally attractive opportunity for securing examples of the finest old-time craftsmanship. Included in this Sale are several important purchases recently concluded on exceedingly advantageous terms, and now offered at genuine bargain prices.

DEFERRED PAYMENTS apply in the case of the most of these Sale Bargains. Details free.

28220. An old Mahogany Sheraton WARDROBE (as illustrated). Upper part fitted five Oak-lined sliding trays enclosed by two panelled doors, lower part fitted two long and two short Oak-lined drawers with brass handles. 4ft. 3in. wide. 2ft. deep, 7ft. high. Usual Price £39.10.0.

SALE PRICE **£29. 10. 0**

28146. A very attractive old Sheraton Mahogany and inlaid folding CARD TABLE. Lined cloth, 3ft. square.

Usual Price £14.10.0

SALE PRICE **£11. 15. 0**

No Catalogue is being issued. Come early!

28219. A fine old Mahogany and Inlaid Sheraton bow-fronted SIDEBOARD (as illustrated), on turned legs. Fitted two drawers in centre, cupboard on left and cellarette drawer on right. 6ft. wide. 2ft. 2in. deep (in centre). Usual Price £47. 10. 0. SALE PRICE **£37. 10. 0**

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW 1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART AND DISTINCTIVE KNITTED WEAR

Real Silk Cardigan ***Sports Coat*** *made of best quality good wearing yarn, knitted in a wide rib stitch, made in a large range of this season's colours.*

PRICE
73/6

New illustrated Brochure "The Fashion for Knitted Goods" post free.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

WONDERFUL VALUE
IN
METAL BROCADE
TEAFROCKS

THIS attractive and inexpensive Tea Frock is made by our own workers from good quality Brocade, and is specially suitable for young ladies' wear.

Sent on approval.

"ZENA" — Handsome sleeveless **TEA FROCK** in rich metal brocade, cut on graceful lines and finished at side with beaded ornaments to tone.

In a good range of evening shades and black.

WONDERFUL VALUE
£5 19 6

Also made same price in chiffon velvet.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Catalogue Post Free.

GERBERA

IN its *refined* alluring qualities "Gerbera" appeals to all who appreciate the value of a good perfume.

Perfume - 8/- per bottle.
Powder - 3/11 per box.
Soap - - 2/3 per tablet.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

L·T·PIVER PARIS

No more untidy hair

Anzora will keep the most unruly hair in place all day. Anzora Cream for greasy scalps and Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Obtainable everywhere in **1/6** and **2/6** (double quantity) bottles. Firmly refuse proffered substitutes.

ANZORA
Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane N.W.

CARTERS LTD.

By Appointment

Baby Carriages

of

Refinement,
Distinction,
Charm, and
Durability.

Please write for
BOOK No. 17
Containing a comprehensive exhibit of Dainty Photographs.

(Established over 70 Years.)

125-129 Gt. Portland St. London, W.1.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

WALPOLES' SALE

of DOWN QUILTS AND BLANKETS commences Oct. 16

GREAT VALUE

A RICH, WARM, WOOL-BACK SATIN DRESSING GOWN

effectively trimmed with dark fur, with a self sash running through slots back and front, and lined throughout with floral Delaine. The excellent satin from which this charming model is made possesses the essential qualities for autumn and winter wear—richness, softness and warmth. Add to these the easy comfort, the distinctive style, and the perfect finish of the "Walpole" make, and you realise how exceptional is the value we offer.

Colours: Purple, Parma, Old Rose, Pink, Saxe, Royal.

SPECIAL PRICE

49/11

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

BC 116

RELIABLE FURS

All our Furs are of a particularly reliable character. They are made on the premises under thoroughly hygienic conditions by our own highly skilled furriers from skins that we can recommend with every confidence. The fit, shape and finish are invariably excellent. The prices are the lowest possible compatible with the quality of the skins used.

ORIGINAL MODEL FUR COAT, worked from full, deeply furred sable-dyed Russian Squirrel skins, a beautiful theatre or restaurant wrap, lined rich tinsel-brocaded silk.

PRICE

250 Gns.

This model can also be copied in Moleskin, Golden Nutria Persian Lamb, and Seal Musquash.

Debenham & Freebody

(INCORPORATED LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Catalogue post free

CLARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS are unrivalled for every kind of Washable Embroidery, fine or bold, as for Knitted Jumpers, Sports Hats, Gloves, Stockings and Scarves. There are special threads for EACH in white and lovely fadeless colours. They have silky smoothness, are strong and even and easy to work. Obtainable at all Drapers and Needlework Depots, with patterns, transfers and leaflets of instruction.

"ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number:

COTON A BRODER	VELVENO
STRANDED COTTON	FLOX
*FILOSHEEN	FIL D'ECOSSE

FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by

CLARK & CO LTD

PAISLEY

The best of the World's Knowledge for one penny per day

is available for all in

The World's Wonder Book—

CASSELL'S CHILDREN'S BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

THE **FIRST** ALPHABETICAL CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

TO BE COMPLETED IN ABOUT 48 FORTNIGHTLY PARTS AT 1s. 3d. EACH.

£100
IN CASH PRIZES

For a simple Painting Competition FREE to Children of 6 to 16 years of age. In three groups. Full particulars in Parts 1 and 2.

An entirely new work—simply and accurately written—which imparts knowledge with the fascinating charm of a fairy tale. The wonderful story it contains is told in simple language and by amazing pictures. Its appeal to the juvenile mind is instantaneous.

PART 2 ON SALE EVERYWHERE

10,000 PICTURES IN EVERY PART

There are ten thousand Pictures in this work, a picture on every page, and a BEAUTIFUL FRONTISPIECE is contained in every part.

there are 80 pages—64 illustrated pages of text and 16 pages of pictures reproduced by the famous photogravure process.

GIVEN AWAY WITH PART 1
—WHICH IS STILL AVAILABLE

With the first issue there is presented the WONDER MAP OF THE WORLD, measuring 20 inches by 30 inches, printed in full colours—a beautiful production which can ***only*** be secured with Part 1 of "Cassell's Children's Book of Knowledge." This alone is worth more than the price asked for the complete issue.

Some Opinions of The World's Wonder Book

LADY RHONDDA says:

"I could not tear myself away from 'The Children's Book of Knowledge.' It is quite fascinating, and I should think will prove not only a joy to thousands of children, but also to the grown-ups, who in future will be able to say 'Go and look it up yourself' when they are asked one of the usual impossible questions. It seems to me to fill a gap which has hitherto been left empty. The illustrations are a perfect joy, and I should think that the imaginative child would spend endless happy hours with it."

LORD ASHFIELD says:

"'The Children's Book of Knowledge is indeed a most entertaining and instructive publication, and the illustrations and diagrams will, I think be most helpful in making it attractive.

"I feel sure this new work will be a source of great interest, not only to children, but to parents, who will welcome it as a ready means of answering the innumerable questions with which they are confronted by their children every day I hope it will attain the success which an interesting publication of this nature deserves."

ANY NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSELLER WILL SUPPLY YOU with a copy of Parts 1 and 2 at 1/3 net.

If, however, you have any difficulty in procuring, send your name and address, stating your usual or nearest newsagent or bookseller, to the publishers of "Cassell's Children's Book of Knowledge," La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.

The House of Cassell

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

ATTRACTIVE NIGHT-GOWNS IN NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

Milanese Night Gown of a dainty and practical design cut square at neck with embroidery in self colours and ribbon sash at waist. In Pink, Ivory, Sky, Lemon, Mauve and Black.

Price 49/6

New illustrated booklet of Blouses, Jumpers and Shirts post free.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Chic Blouses

The distinctive cut and finish of Harrods Blouses are well worthy of the charming new fabrics in which they are expressed. A visit to Harrods Blouse Salon (First Floor) will prove an inspiration and a delight.

Harrods Autumn Catalogue — sent free — will show many charming styles.

'Clare'

An effective cross over Blouse for matrons. Made in the heaviest quality Artificial Stockinette and embroidered by hand with the finest cut steel beads. The beading is continued in straight lines down back. Available in Grey, Black, Nigger or Navy

45/9

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW 1

Sunday Times

"The Journal with a high Standard of Efficiency, of human interest, and of devotion to National Ideals."

LIFELIKE TRANSFORMATIONS
ANY STYLE TO ORDER

Which add charm and distinction to the appearance. Price according to quantity of Hair, **£4 17 6, £3 12 9,** and **£2 10 9.** With Natural Skin Parting, from **£6 6 0.** Beautiful Wavy Toupets with Natural Skin Parting, from **£2 10 9,** according to depth of Parting.

Switches of Pure Human Hair. Any length to order

16 inches	5/9	22 inches	15/9
18 ,, ...	8/9	24 ,, ...	22/9
20 ,, ...	11/9	26 ,, ...	26/9

28 inches, 37/9

Grey or Light Shades extra.

A pattern of hair and remittance must accompany each order.

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.

(Established 1895)

West End Branch:
1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1
(Opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's)

For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue, post free
from The Manageress—
82, FOXBERRY ROAD, Brockley, London, S.E.4.

The 10/20 h.p.

Galloway CARS

are now made by Arrol-Johnston, Ltd. Prices have been reduced as follows:

COUPÉ Luxurious Coupé Body, Dickey Seat, Lucas Lighting and Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Electric Horn, etc £450

4-SEATER Open 4-Seater Body (three doors), Lucas Lighting & Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Electric Horn, etc. £350

2-SEATER Open 2-Seater Body, Dickey Seat, Lucas Lighting & Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Electric Horn, etc. £295

OLYMPIA Stand MOTOR SHOW 271

PRICE REDUCTIONS

Owing to the remission throughout the automobile engineering industry of 16/6 from the operatives' war bonus, we are able to announce the following drastic reductions in the prices of "Arrol-Johnston" Cars. Although the full cumulative effect of this cut is not yet in force, we have decided to give the public immediate benefit of same.

15·9 Arrol-Johnston CARS

- - SALOON MODEL - - Luxurious Saloon Interior, C.A.V. Lighting and Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Speedometer, Clock, etc. £750

ALL-WEATHER MODEL Arrol-Johnston All-Weather Body, C.A.V. Lighting and Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Speedometer, Clock, etc. £695

OPEN TOURING MODEL Hood (with envelope), Side Curtains, C.A.V. Lighting and Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Speedometer, etc. £550

Full particulars and Local Trial Runs on application to
ARROL-JOHNSTON, Ltd.
Dumfries, Scotland.
London Dealers:
LEVERETT, THORP & KEARTON, LTD.
79-85 Davies St. Oxford St. W.1.

OLYMPIA Stand MOTOR SHOW 268

Arrol-Johnston
"The finest value among all Cars of its class."

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW MODEL HATS FOR THE AUTUMN.

Model Toque in Panne with soft coque mounts at side. In Black, Nigger, Navy Blue - - 4½ Gns.

This hat will be found in our Model Salon on the 1st floor

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

39 Car Records Broken by

BENTLEY

An unparalleled performance.

CAPT. J. F. DUFF, at Brooklands Track (27th-28th Sept., 1922), driving a Three-Litre Bentley Car, absolutely standard in every respect, with FOUR-SEATER BODY, sets up new figures for

All hour records from 1 to 13 hours,
All mile records from 100 to 1000 miles,
All kilometre records from 100 to 1600 kilometres, and

by covering 2083 miles in 24 hours, at an average speed of 86¾ miles per hour, including all stops,

BREAKS THE DOUBLE TWELVE-HOUR RECORD

Pirelli tyres, Rudge-Whitworth wheels, Hartford shock-absorbers, M.L. magnetos, Claudel carburetter, K.L.G. plugs, Castrol, and Pratts' spirit, were used.

You can buy a similar car!

192 model chassis. New season's price, £1050

1923 MODELS can be supplied NOW.

BENTLEY MOTORS, Ltd.
3, Hanover Court, London, W.1.
Telephone: Mayfair 2356

Mirani

PETER ROBINSON'S
Autumn Fashions
in
Cloaks
and
Wraps

F 15—Distinctive short Coat of black Mohair Plush, with broad-tail effect, or Seal Plush, showing fullness below waist line. Lined Satin.

25 Gns.

Also same model, trimmed natural Skunk, and with dyed Fitch.

F 1—Charming Wrap of chiffon velvet with new deep rope collar of self material. Lined with rich satin or charmeuse. In Black, Grey, Rust, Royal Blue, Brown and Cerise.

18 Gns.

Telephone : Museum 7700.

Peter Robinson Ltd.
Oxford Street, W 1

"CORSLO"

To achieve the most fashionable figure effect of absolutely natural suppleness is the aim of the new "Corslo." Only two central and short bones are introduced into the cleverly cut Crêpe de Chine, Tricot or Satin, and it does the combined duty of bodice, corset and hip belt, moulding and at the same time supporting the bust, and giving a long graceful line to the waist and hips, and kept in position by two sets of suspenders. First and foremost the "Corslo" is for the slender woman's wear with the most fashionable day and evening gowns and dance dresses, while as absolute freedom for every movement is essential to the success and enjoyment of tennis and golf, etc. it is a necessity and a boon to the sportswoman, incidentally it should be included in every Trousseau or Tropical Outfit.

THE NEW "CORSLO" HIP BELT AND BUST BODICE COMBINED (as sketch) in White and Pink cotton Tricot, buttoned at back. The measurements required are: hips, waist and bust.

PRICE **42/-**

In Crepe de Chine **63/-**
In silk Tricot .. .. **4 Gns.**

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Catalogue post free.

An Exclusive Scotch Knitted Suit of Quality

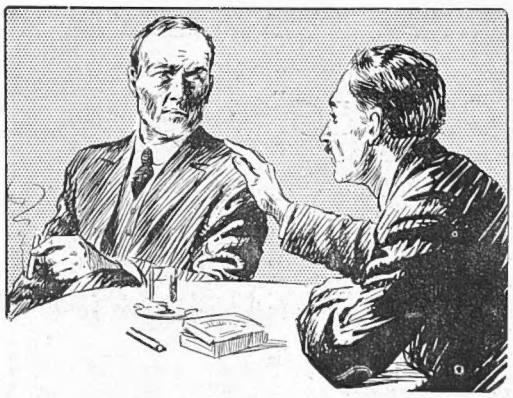
This useful model is firmly knitted from Pure Botany Wool. Being of substantial texture it is specially suitable for winter wear. The colourings are marled with suitably toning self shades on revers and edges of pockets. The horizontal stripes on the skirt combined with the vertical rib give a stylish, but unobtrusive, checked effect which is charming. Perfect in finish and very durable. Mixtures :— Beaver / White, Grey / White, Brown / Fawn, Saxe / Fawn, Rose / Grey.

PRICE ONLY **£5 : 15 : 6**

N.B. A special Exhibition and Sale of real Scotch Specialties for both ladies and Gentlemen is being held at present in the Dean Hotel, Oxford Street, W. 1. (opposite post office), closing date 20th inst. A visit of inspection is respectfully invited.

Send for the New Autumn and Winter colour illustrated List. Sent post free on request.

GREENSMITH DOWNES,
145, George Street, Edinburgh.



If you Suffer from "Smoker's Throat"

—or other painful irritations of the oral cavity, you should at once send for a Free Sample of Formamint.

"In both acute and chronic pharyngitis, induced by abuse of tobacco, Formamint Tablets have proved particularly efficacious in the hands of the medical profession," writes the *Medical Press*.

Sucking these palatable, harmless tablets promotes an abundant flow of saliva, which itself is rendered germicidal. Thus the whole mouth and throat are slowly saturated with a soothing, healing antiseptic fluid, which penetrates everywhere.

With the destruction of the causative bacteria, swelling and inflammation subside, and Nature does the rest—without the fuss and trouble of old-fashioned methods like gargling or painting the throat with caustic and nauseating chemicals.

Write to-day for a Free Sample of

FORMAMINT

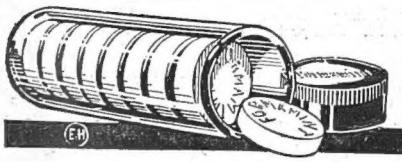
(THE GERM KILLING THROAT TABLET)

Just as effectively—and by the same process—does Formamint safeguard you against dangerous infections which start in the mouth and throat—Influenza, for example, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Mumps, and the dreaded Pyorrhœa.

Simply send us a twopenny stamp—to cover the cost of postage, and we will forward you a generous sample of Formamint Tablets with explanatory booklet. Please mention this paper when writing.

Write today for this Free Sample

Ask your chemist for *genuine* Formamint—price 2/9 per bottle. We alone manufacture it, under Royal Letters Patent—so our name is your sole protection against worthless counterfeits.



GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

WALPOLES' SALE

of DOWN QUILTS AND BLANKETS commences Oct. 16

HANDSOME AFTERNOON FROCK OF RICH VELVETEEN

A really excellent Autumn creation, the new "Walpole" design, together with the good quality velveteen, producing a rich and striking effect. The long roll collar fastening on one side with embroidered ornaments, and the net and lace vest, are charming features, whilst the gathered waist at the back and sides give a smart panel effect in front. An added charm is that the gown fastens down the front like a coat. Elastic at the waist ensures easy fitting.

Soft autumn colourings: Golden Brown, Mole, Rust, Black.

PRICE

5 Gns.

B K 80

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON. W.8.
175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

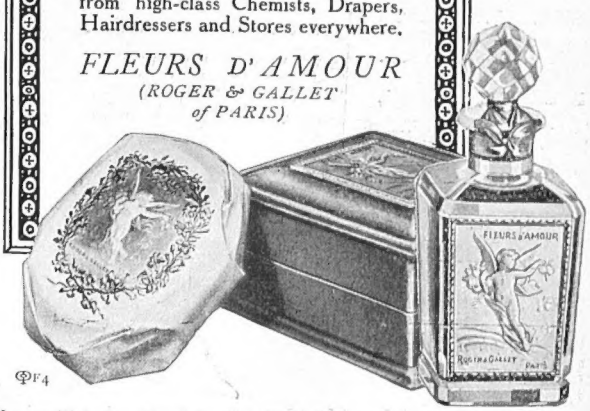
Roger & Gallet

Your Christmas Greetings, your New Year remembrances—let FLEURS D'AMOUR express them for you.

This rich perfume of intriguing charm and fresh flower fragrance is distinct from all others, and will reflect your good taste and infuse into your wishes the sincerity and tenderness you desire.

Its discreet odour is carried throughout most Toilet aids; Soaps, Powders, etc. Perfumes 21/-, obtainable from high-class Chemists, Drapers, Hairdressers and Stores everywhere.

FLEURS D'AMOUR
(ROGER & GALLET of PARIS)



PF4

You will best appreciate the Specialities of Roger & Gallet by sending for their miniature sample box of Fleurs d'Amour Perfume and Powder, Eau de Cologne, &c. Enclose 1/- Postal Order to Roger & Gallet (London) Ltd., Dept. S, 14 Poland Street, W. 1.

Miss Joyce Barbour in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot*

For Golfing
In White, Putty, String, Sepia, Champagne, Oyster, Pearl, Havana, Cornflower, etc.
Zephyr weight (folding) Featherstitched edge. 29/6
Ordinary Soft Felt weight, Bound edge. 35/-
Model shown No. 722.
Made in various fittings.
Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

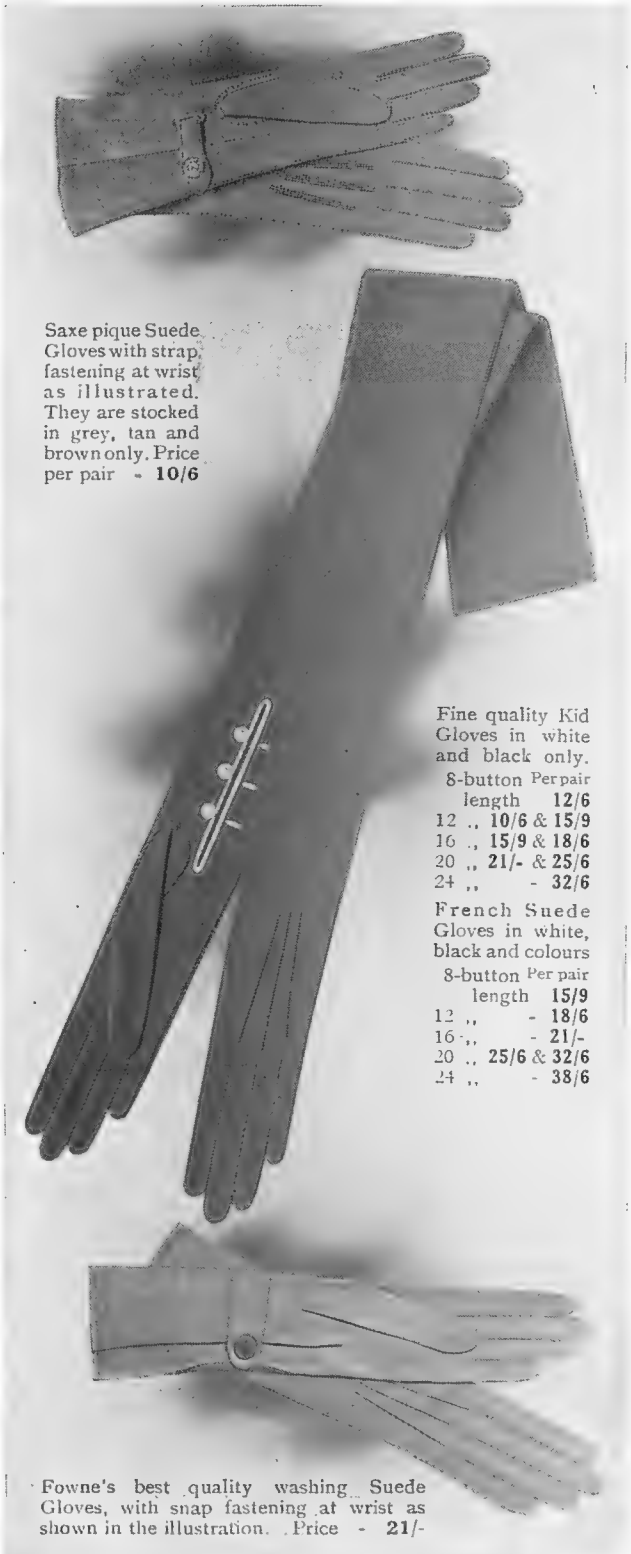
Passwords to Style

TASTE alone triumphs in the Kingdom of Style. The entrée to this gracious *royaume*, where woman reigns supreme, is not confined to any one class. The power to choose rightly in matters of dress is the 'Open Sesame.' Much depends upon the shoes, and here knowledge is of signal value. There are certain passwords known to the initiated which spell success. Utter them, and you will be safe from errors against the unwritten code of costume as far as the feet are concerned. The safest and most authentic guides to style in women's footwear are found in

DELTA
Women's Style
530B
Box Calf Oxford
straight cap
25/-

Lotus and Delta

For name of nearest agent, and booklet entitled "The Gift of Happy Feet," write to—
LOTUS LTD., Stafford



Saxe pique Suede Gloves with strap fastening at wrist as illustrated. They are stocked in grey, tan and brown only. Price per pair - **10/6**

Fine quality Kid Gloves in white and black only.

8-button length	Per pair
12	12/6
12 ,,	10/6 & 15/9
16 ,,	15/9 & 18/6
20 ,,	21/- & 25/6
24 ,,	- 32/6

French Suede Gloves in white, black and colours

8-button length	Per pair
12 ,,	- 18/6
16 ,,	- 21/-
20 ,,	25/6 & 32/6
24 ,,	- 38/6

Fowne's best quality washing Suede Gloves, with snap fastening at wrist as shown in the illustration. Price - **21/-**

Every Glove supplied by Jay's Ltd., of Regent Street, W.1, is made expressly for the House, and nothing but skilled workmanship and perfect materials enter into its manufacture.

Jay's Ltd.
REGENT STREET
W.1.

BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING REBUILDING.

Dancing in the Palm Court

HOTEL CECIL

LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

John Begg Ltd.

64 WATERLOO ST: GLASGOW

106 FENCHURCH ST. LONDON E.C.3

PROPRIETORS OF THE

ROYAL LOCHNAGAR DISTILLERY

BALMORAL SCOTLAND

All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years

NEW FUR TOQUES

FOR PRESENT WEAR.

CHARMING CAP of moleskin fur with crown of gold, silver and copper embroidery.

PRICE

6½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

The Home Beautiful

Telegrams: "Greatly" London. **SPECIALISTS** Telephones: Battersea 200 4 lines.

In Artistic Furnishings

FABRICS FOR AUTUMN CURTAINS.

TAPESTRIES in good qualities and colourings at greatly reduced prices, varying from 4/11 to 18/11 per yd. **RICH CORD VELOUR** in specially dyed shades, 8/9 per yd. **SATIN CLOTHS, REPS AND DAMASKS** in rich and effective shades from 5/11 per yd. **ART SERGE**—Good range of colours from 1/11½ per yd., 50 ins. wide. **CRETONNES, SHADOW TISSUES, AND TAFFETAS** in large variety ranging from 1/0½ to 18/11 per yd. **CASEMENT CLOTHS** in various colourings and qualities from 10½d. per yd

THE "OXFORD" CHAIR

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for **"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL"** Williamson & Cole's famous book on Artistic Furnishing.

£4 19 6 Most comfortable. Spring edge seat with beautiful slope. Covered in Cretonne at 2/- per yd.

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.4.

ATTRACTIVE COATS FOR YOUNG LADIES FOR WINTER WEAR

This smart and attractive Coat is made in the new zebelline cloth, and is cut on becoming lines, and is a most useful garment for Autumn and Winter Wear.

YOUNG LADIES' WINTER COAT (as sketch) in the new zibeline cloth, the side panels and cuffs are trimmed with narrow vandyked bands of the same material, finished with collar of good quality fur, which can be worn high to neck to open; half lined with fancy silk. In light navy, mole and beaver.

PRICE

10 Gns.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Catalogue post free.

Ask to see Dent's Ladies' Fur-lined Gloves.

OVER those who admire shapeliness, appreciate quality and skilled craftsmanship, Dent's gloves exercise an understandable ascendancy

For men or women, for day or evening wear, Dent's are nearest to perfection. In costly or inexpensive models alike, you can count on elegance, quality, fit and finish. Look for Dent's "D" —and you will be satisfied.

DENT'S

FUR BARGAINS

BUY FURS WHOLESALE AND SAVE MONEY

THE Garment illustrated is of finest super quality **Electric Seal,** equal in appearance to Real Seal Musquash. The collar is genuine Dark Natural Skunk. The coat is lined with lovely brocade, is thoroughly well made and fully guaranteed. Our Wholesale Price

29 Gns.

WRITE FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

EXAMPLES OF OUR VALUE

	GNS.
Natural Skunk Wraps 4 strands wide, 68 inches long	15
Natural Red Fox Stoles The fashionable colour	8½
Natural Musquash Coats Full length, fine quality	34
Golden Nutria Beaver Coats New Model, fine quality	69

Any article sent on approval. Money returned in full if not completely satisfied.

A VISIT TO OUR SHOWROOMS WILL PAY YOU.

Furs and Fur Coats Remodelled and Renovated at Wholesale Price.

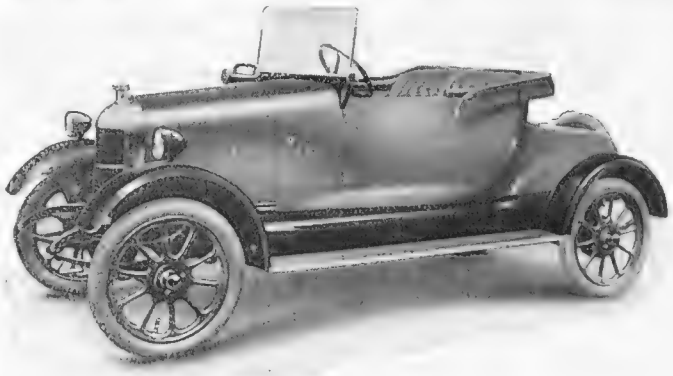
ESTIMATES and ADVICE FREE

Note only address: *'Phone: Central 7372*

CITY FUR STORE

64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.4

Not a shop: 1st and 2nd Floor Showrooms



NEW Morris Car PRICES

MORRIS-COWLEY Standard 2-seater, complete	265 guineas	MORRIS-COWLEY Chassis with wheels, tyres, lighting set, and starting set	254 guineas
MORRIS-COWLEY Standard 2-seater, complete with starting set and dickey seat	275 guineas	MORRIS-OXFORD De Luxe 2-seater, complete with all-weather hood	365 guineas
MORRIS-COWLEY Standard 4-seater, complete	300 guineas	MORRIS-OXFORD De Luxe 4-seater, complete with all-weather hood	390 guineas
MORRIS-COWLEY Standard 4-seater, complete with starting set	310 guineas	MORRIS-OXFORD Coupé 2-seater, complete	425 guineas
MORRIS-COWLEY Sports Car 2-seater, complete	300 guineas	MORRIS-OXFORD Chassis with wheels, tyres, lighting and starting set, etc.	265 guineas
MORRIS-COWLEY Chassis with wheels, tyres and lighting set	240 guineas		

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD.,
COWLEY, OXON.

The Morris Car

"The Car that set the fashion to the World"

ROVER

1923 PROGRAMME

Reduction in Prices

	Old Price	New Price
12 h.p. CHASSIS	£495	£415
12 h.p. 2-SEATER	£625	£525
12 h.p. 4-SEATER	£650	£550
12 h.p. COUPE, Fixed Top	£750	£650
12 h.p. COUPE, Drop Head	£800	£675
12 h.p. SALOON	£900	£775
8 h.p. 2-SEATER	£220	£180
8 h.p. 4-SEATER	-	£190
8 h.p. 2-SEATER De Luxe	£245	£200
8 h.p. 4 SEATER De Luxe		£210

Self Starter on 8 h.p. Models, £15 extra

NOTE.—With both the 8 h.p. and 12 h.p. Touring Cars, All-Weather Side Curtains opening with doors are fitted as standard. Many detail improvements are included in both cars, the most interesting of which is probably the fact that the lubrication of the 12 h.p. engine has been altered to pressure feed.

Deliveries to Agents are now being effected. Catalogues and full particulars may be obtained from our Agents throughout the country and from—

THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD.,
COVENTRY.
New Oxford Street, London.
ord Edward Street, Dublin.

City de Luxe

THE "CITY DE LUXE" IS A FRIEND FOR LIFE.

A Pipe that will never let you down—
burn your tongue, or raise your 'ire.
The "CITY DE LUXE" comes of a good family—made by the makers of the famous GBD
No finer introduction, no better guarantee is possible.

Made in one-hundred-and-one shapes, each briar bowl is highly polished and specially hardened. It has a free draught, and "push-in" stem fitted with minute precision. A perfect pipe in every way. Leading Tobacconists everywhere can show you a selection.

ASK TO SEE THE "CITY DE LUXE."

City de Luxe . . . 5/6
(Special Shapes. Prince and Army. Silver Mounted 6/6)
City Pipe, Silver Mounted 3/6
City (Three Star) Pipe, Metal Mounted 2/6

5/6

Shape No. 201
The Sportsman's pipe: a medium billiard with a short vulcanite

Shape NO. 700.
Bulldog Saddle
This is the favourite Bulldog Shape.

Trade Enquiries to

OPPENHEIMER'S
38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2. Est. 1860

The Bystander, October 11, 1922 No. 984. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY SQUIRE

"A DEADLY UPAS TREE"

MR. BULL: "And I thought they were Olives!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
THE DUNCAN SISTERS, LYDIA LOPOKOVA & CO., MILTON HAYES, VIOLET ESSEX, PICHEL & SCALE, Etc.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR.
Evenings at 8.30. MARIE LÖHR in
"THE RETURN."
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

LYRIC. Evenings at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Derek Oldham, Winnie Melville, Mai Bacon.

ST. JAMES'S. Lessee & Manager, GILBERT MILLER.
Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30
THE BAT.
ARTHUR WONTNER. EVA MOORE.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1: Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

SANDY MACDONALD
SCOTCH WHISKY
A Rare example of the blender's art

RELIABLE FURS

OUR Fur Department contains an infinite variety of Coats, Capes and Fur Sets, copied and adapted from exclusive Paris Models. Practically the whole of these garments are manufactured in our own workrooms by skilled furriers under expert supervision. The greatest care is taken to provide a thoroughly reliable garment at the lowest possible price, combining refinement of taste with the highest grade of excellence.

PERSIAN LAMB. New Model Persian Lamb Fur Coat, worked from bright close curled silky skins, with handsome collar of natural skunk, lined self striped oyster grey satin.

PRICE
115 Gns.

The same Coat 42 inches long, **98 Gns.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Catalogue post free.

THE GRAPHIC

The issue for October 14 contains:

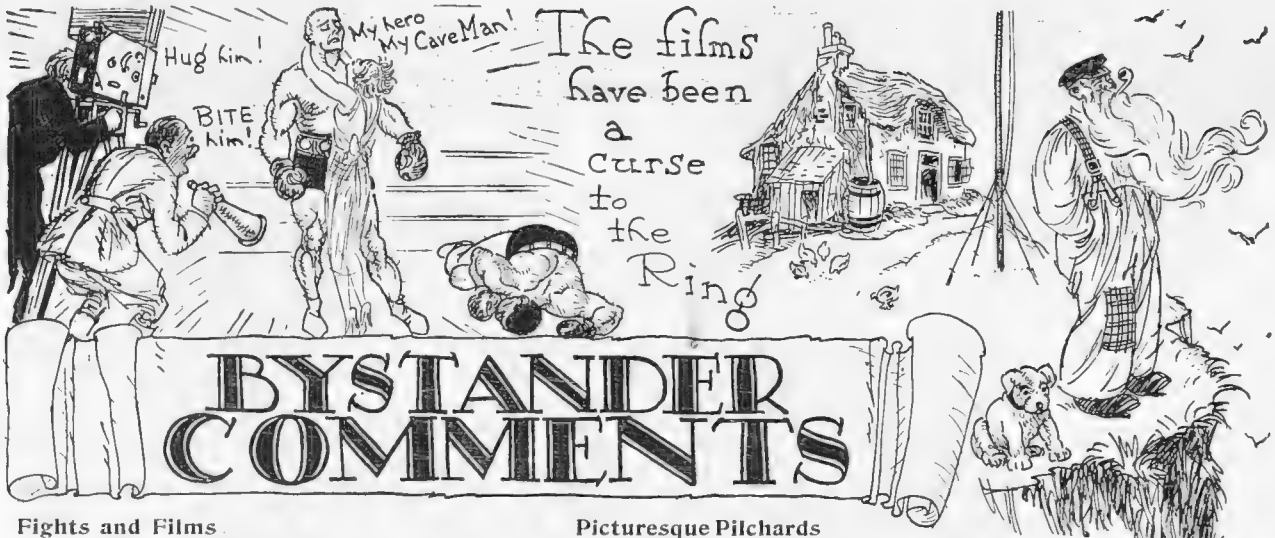
The Life of Sir Mark Sykes:
A further Series of Interesting Extracts

A Gallery of Everest Pictures

More about the Cuckoo Mystery

Another London Type
By George Belcher and Stacy Aumonier

1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Fights and Films

When you're giving little suppers
In the Circus or the Square,
You may marvel at his absence—
You will never find him there!

THE path of the boxing champion is anything but roses, roses all the way. Not only must he stand up and take his gruel like a man, but he must live his life in a hard school and cut out all the junketings. There is little doubt that the popularity of Carpentier in his hour of eclipse suffered on account of his dalliance with the films. The papers had shown him in all sorts of soft and unheroic poses, and the boxing public were resentful without quite knowing why. The films have been a curse to the ring. They have entered unduly into the financial arrangements of big fights, and Carpentier's backers must be bitterly regretting their very existence.

Quietly and Reverently

I RAISED my hat quietly and reverently when I read that the governing authority of Cheam, Surrey, had purchased an old Tudor cottage to prevent it being taken to the United States. I always raise my hat quietly and reverently whenever I hear of an old building being cared for in this way. There is Henry the Eighth's old hunting lodge at Chelsea, which has been preserved to us by a nice artist named Ward. If Mr. Ward never paints another picture, and he paints some good ones, I shall still raise my hat quietly and reverently whenever I meet him.

Bubbles

THE exigencies of foreign service have brought the name of Captain W. James into the papers, and it is recalled that he was the original of Millais' famous "Bubbles" picture which may still be seen on the hoardings. Nowadays, we are accustomed to see works of art on our hoardings, especially if we travel by Underground, but Captain James remains the best looking baby who ever crossed, or was hung on, the line.

Picturesque Pilchards

MY evening paper is always making discoveries. It has just discovered "a tiny snow-white cottage" that stands "perched high on a precipitous cliff" at St. Ives, in Cornwall. My evening paper is always *so* picturesque. I had known for a long time that pilchards were caught off the coast of the Duchy, and that a look-out was kept by men called "huers" because they raised a hue and cry when they sighted the shoals, but I had never realised that the affair could be so romantic as my evening paper makes it appear. I wonder they don't say it to music:

The Little White Man

There's a little white man
In a little white shirt
Whose little white beard straggles down.
From his little white house
On a little white cliff,
He looks o'er the little white town.
With his little white pipe
And his little white dog
He stands by the little white bay;
He's gazing, is he,
O'er the little white sea
For little white pilchards at play.

What I have Said—

DON'T know if you have noticed it, but people are getting more and more in the habit of doing what I tell them. A week after I spoke to the Underground authorities about later trains, the later trains were actually running. About the same time, I

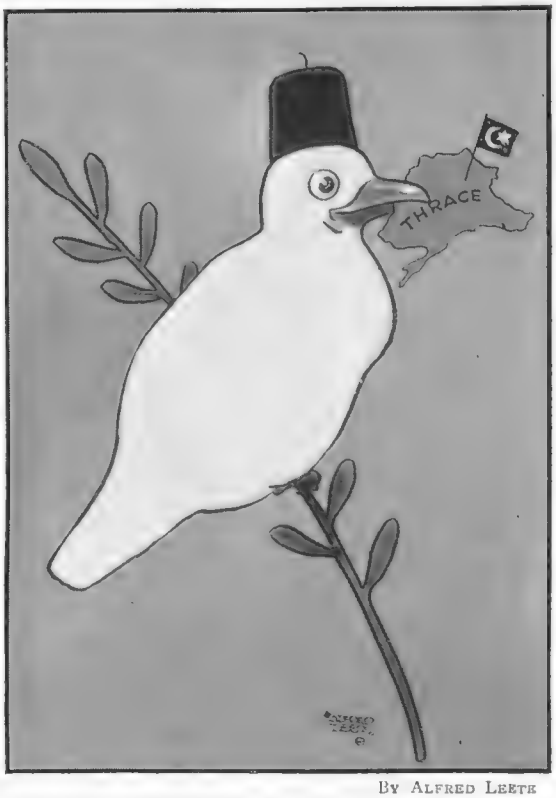
Taking care of old buildings

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

protested against the silly duplication of street names, and here is the superintending architect of the London County Council getting very busy indeed. I don't wish to brag, I merely mention it in case you are interested.

Those Brighton Arches

POLICE court proceedings have brought those queer little grottoes—the Brighton arches—into the public eye. The Brighton arches are very shy and retiring. They live under the King's Road, in the same way that the Adelphi arches live under Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie. They shun publicity, and you can do anything in them except sleep, because, apparently, the Corporation is afraid your snores would keep the night police awake.



By Alfred Leete

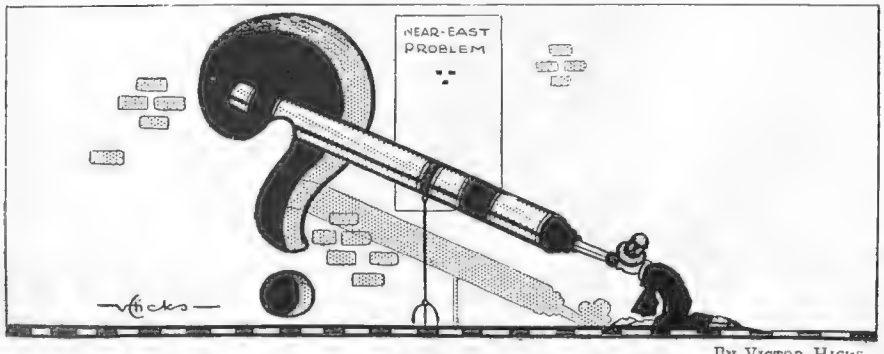
THE PIECE OF EUROPE

In Defence of Humour

HUMOROUS papers come in for a good deal of criticism, and some of it is undeserved. How frequently you see a man shrug his shoulders and say that such a thing couldn't happen in real life. My dear sir, *anything* can happen in real life! A solicitor asked a witness at Thames Police Court if he had been hit with malice aforethought. "No," was the reply, "not with a mallet, with a brick." Can you beat that?

Good News about Noise

I LIKE to think that London is to be lit with the power generated by her own noise. This new process is *so* simple. You know how your house shakes when a motor lorry goes by! Well, the vibration will shortly have its compensations and we shall literally fight for houses on the charabanc routes. What is more, when you trip over the mat at 2 a.m., the noise will automatically light the gas in the hall.



STILL MORE OR LESS AN OPEN QUESTION By Victor Hicks

The Riddle of Brooklands

WHY has motor racing failed to catch the imagination of the general public? I have often discussed this question with the experts and each one has a different explanation. The fact remains, however, that the goings-on at Brooklands seem to leave the ordinary layman stone cold. It isn't that he isn't interested when he takes a trip down Weybridge way—it is that he doesn't go down at all. The crowd consists almost entirely of readers of the trade Press. It seems to me that if a man hasn't got a car he has no use for motor racing.

Record Record-Breaking

I HAVE been to Brooklands several times lately, and I have experienced thrills enough to last me for a life-time. Flying is tame compared to motor-racing, as it is tame compared to horse-racing. A fortnight ago I saw a Bentley car driven round the track for twelve hours on end. It was like a nightmare! On the following day I saw the same man drive the same car for another twelve hours. Thirty-eight records were broken, and I don't know which I admired most—the car or the man!

The Foolish Wife

"FOOLISH WIVES" has been packing the New Oxford Theatre so tightly that it was only by the courtesy of the management that I succeeded in squeezing into a seat. As a matter of fact, there is but one "foolish wife," and circumstance protects her most indefatigably from the assiduously seductive Stroheim, the er—hero who adopts a peculiar style in hats and presumably shaves his head after his early morning ox-blood and before entering the aphrodisiacal arena, which seems inevitably to ensue his last glass of after-dinner port. Stroheim wrote, produced, and, as I have indicated, acted in the play, and as he is supposed to be a naturalised American born in Austria, to have served as an officer in the Austrian Army, and to have fled to America to escape the consequences of a duel, his interpretation of a Russian Count (why Russian?) has at least adequate military colour.

By E. T. Reed

SOME HABITS ONE MUST BREAK ONESELF OF WHEN THE BOY GOES BACK TO SCHOOL

Good or Bad?

THE film has had wonderful publicity; it has been called by discerning critics "bestial" and "sensual," and such fame-fanning adjectives; while you may be told in the next five minutes to see Stroheim, and, no, not die, but see him again. I restrict myself to saying that the technique might have been surer, the photography better. But you should go and see it; I am prejudiced; I like a plot, and "Foolish Wives" is a series of connected incidents.

The Worst Policy

A LUTON landlord has made a little slip. It was a very little one, but it cost him £25, and he will be more careful in future. When letting a house he asked for a premium of £55, and that, of course, is against the law. Had this wretched fellow charged £55 for a curtain rail and a broken gas bracket, describing them as fittings, he would have been quite within his rights. If I had been on the Bench I would have given him something out of the Poor Box for his honesty.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

St. Pheasant

I THINK if you could get a consensus of opinion from sportsmen just as municipal authorities get the birth-rate and death-rate, and the railway companies get their declining number of passengers from the funny things they call statistics, you would find that at least 80 per cent. of them prefer pheasant-shooting beyond anything else.

Perhaps some of my readers will give me the lie direct and thrust against my opinion the joys of raising a covey of partridges in the stubble, or the delight of sitting for hours in waders waiting for wild duck, but with all due deference to them there is no joy quite so complete as when you see a "rocketer" come tumbling down from above the high trees of a copse—and if you have the October sun in your eyes the greater the joy.

Pheasants this year, I hear, are plentiful, especially in Yorkshire. The Duke of York and Prince Henry had two very good days near Newmarket, and from the accounts sent me by enthusiastic folk it looks as if we are to have the best season since that ghastly October in 1914, when only a few old keepers shot through the spinneys.

The Sandringham coverts promise well, but the King will have little chance of going down before the Court goes to York Cottage for Christmas. The list of Royal engagements after the return from Balmoral is a heavy one, and the King's only chance of shooting will probably be in Windsor Park before he goes into Norfolk.

Many houses, alas! where happy shooting-parties used to gather directly October set in, know their old owners no more, and even where the War and taxation have not taken the uttermost toll, parties are not so large. And there are not so many young men available as there used to be.

The type of young man who spent the greater part of the winter in paying shooting visits nowadays is working in the City or has gone to the Colonies. Allowances that in pre-War times made life possible if it were arranged on the principle of visits from August to February and chambers in London for the season, either are no longer existent or do not meet expenses. There were hundreds of young men who led a pleasant existence on an allowance of £500 or £600 a year. They can't do it nowadays, so if they have been lucky enough to get a job in London, a Saturday's shoot is all that the majority of them can have—and that only if they

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Miss Hilda Blanche Thompson, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, of Eastcliffe Mansions, Bournemouth, and Major A. M. Morrison, D.F.C., Croix de Guerre, after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week

Photograph *Photopress*

BENEATH CROSSED FOILS

The marriage between Miss M. H. Hall, Woman Fencing Champion of Great Britain for several years in succession, to Mr. J. Leonard Spong, took place last week at St. George's, Hanover Square. Well-known fencers, principally from Bertrand's Academy, formed a guard of honour.

Photograph *Aavance Photo Co.*

A RECENT MARRIAGE

Miss Irene Jackson (the daughter of Mr. Alfred Halliday Jackson, of Shord Hill, Kenley, Surrey, and Mrs. Jackson) and Mr. J. Daniel Clink, whose marriage was solemnised at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. Major Gerald Brady, D.S.O., acted as best man

Photograph] THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK *[Central News*

Captain Keith Menzies, M.C., Mrs. Violet de Trafford and Mr. Rex Benson with the pages and bridesmaids after the former's marriage at St. Mary's, Cadogan Place. Sir Humphrey de Trafford gave his daughter away. The bridegroom is the elder son of Lady Holford

can get away on the Friday and their hosts don't live too far away.

Lady Carew

THE death of Lady Carew has come as a shock. One of the kindest of women, she was always more interested in other people than in herself. She had the gift of friendship in the highest degree, and few women ever had more friends.

The deepest sympathy will go out to her sister, Lady Cory. For many years Lady Cory made her home with Lord and Lady Carew. She and her sister were devoted to one another. They went everywhere together, and were scarcely ever apart.

They were the granddaughters of Sir John Lethbridge. Lady Carew was the elder, and married Lord Carew in 1888, seven years after his succession to the title. The younger sister married Mr. Clifford Cory, a wealthy Welsh mineowner, in 1893: he was made a baronet in 1907.

Lady Carew's death closes one of the pleasantest houses in London. Her parties in Belgrave Square were always interesting. Lady Cory is one of the best amateur pianists in the country, and the music there, and in the old days at the Carew place, Castle Boro, in Wexford, before Ireland became what Ireland is now, was something to be remembered.

Everyone who went to the house in Belgrave Square will remember one instance of Lady Carew's thoughtfulness. It was the first house in London where you were spared the tiresomeness of wandering round a luncheon or a dinner-table looking for your place.

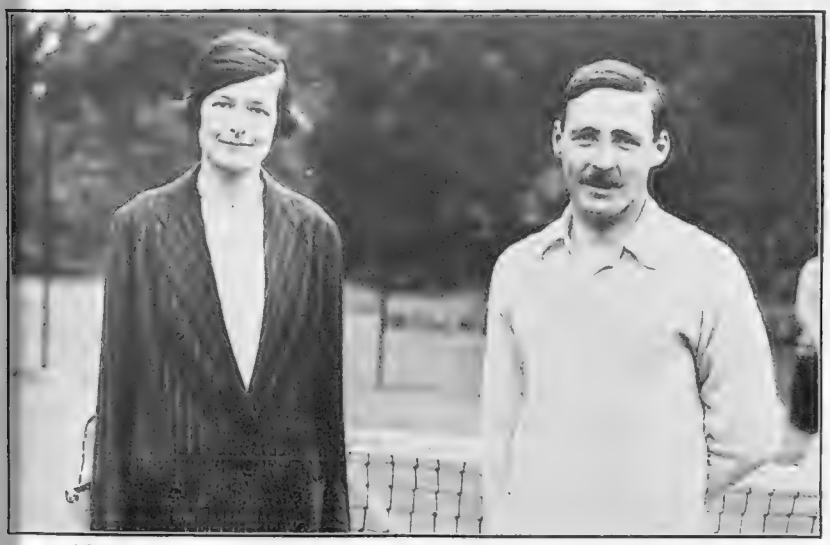
In the hall was a miniature dining-table with miniature chairs set all round it. When you were bidden to luncheon or dinner, before you went to the drawing-room all you had to do was to look at this miniature table. At a glance you saw whether the party was large or small, and by looking over the cards placed in front of each seat you saw exactly where you had to sit, on the left or right side of the table, taking your left or right from Lady Carew's place marked at the head. You likewise learned who your neighbours would be on either hand—most useful information.

A breezy old Admiral, dining there one night, in paying a happy compliment to his hostess, landed himself deep, deep in the

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS GRACE EMILY MACRAE

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. MacRae, of Conchra, Rhy Lodge, Tarbert, Loch Fyne, Argyll, whose marriage to Mr. John Davison Milburn, of Hope and Melness, Sutherland, N.B., second surviving son of the late Sir John Davison Milburn, Bart., of Guyzance, Northumberland, and of Clara, Lady Milburn, Fowberry Tower, Belford, took place yesterday, the 10th of October



Photograph *Topical*

A WEDNESDAY WEDDING

To-day, Wednesday, Viscount Folkestone and Miss Helena Adeane will be married at Babraham, Cambridge, after the original date of the marriage had to be postponed on account of Miss Adeane's riding accident. Princess Mary, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry have sent presents

Photograph *Topical*

THE FIRST MEET OF THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND BEAGLES

The Royal Beaglers of Aldershot at their first meet last week at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst

Photograph *I. B.*

THE PRINCE IN PUBLIC AGAIN

The meeting of the British Legion at the Crystal Palace was the Prince's first appearance in public—exclusive of Society functions—since his return from Japan. Last Saturday, of course, he was the central figure of the Boy Scout demonstration of welcome at the Alexandra Palace, when some fifty thousand scouts rallied for his inspection

potage. As he took his place at the table he said, bowing to the head of the table, "You take the sun from Lady Carew in the hall and find your right latitude and longitude in the dining-room."

The lady on his right was broad and stout in figure; the lady on his left was lean and long. But both of them led the laughter that made the unfortunate Admiral wish he had been a little more observant.

The Hookless Age

We mere males have always believed that the bewildering changes in fashions feminine were dictated by mysterious potentates in the Rue de la Paix, that the *grands couturiers* of Paris said the final word which sent the shape and length, fulness or skimpiness of dresses, scurrying post-haste from one end of Europe to the other.

So it may have been, but I have made a discovery. In the *joli jours d'antan* the dressmaker was paramount—tyrannical—but in these days of depleted incomes and taxation to the *nth*, he and she have had to bow their haughty heads.

"And why?" you will ask. The answer is—ladies' maids.

It is surprising the number of women who have given up having maids, but this is the first cut when economy has to come in at the window because the tax-collector has taken a large lump of the income out of the door. My discovery came through a woman of fashion who was descanting on the present simplicity of women's dress and the ease with which gowns can be "run up."

Also I was informed that the decreasing number of ladies' maids has already brought the Hookless Age, and in the future women will refuse anything very elaborate in the way of clothes. It is rather pleasant to hear of fashions being dictated by sheer force of circumstance to the dressmakers who have invented so many fashions by force of mere caprice.

The Charm of Venice

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper has always had a particular affection for Venice, and it is not surprising therefore, that she and her husband have taken an *appartement* there, where they announce they will spend the late

Photograph *G. P. U.*

"DANCING EVERY NIGHT" IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople, although in the hectic atmosphere of recent imminent war, does not give the impression of a city verged on the brink of tragedy. Our troops are seen passing what is possibly (?) the "Embassy Dance Club" of the Turkish capital. Cool beer in the Bond Street rendezvous would certainly be an innovation!

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE WINNING POODLES

Mrs. G. Isaacs, who secured a first prize with her poodles at the Kennel Club Show last week

Photograph *I. B.*

SAMOYEDES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Some striking competitors at the big dog show at the Crystal Palace, belonging to Mrs. Kilburn Scott

summer for the next five years.

I never can decide which is the pleasanter—the spring or the early autumn season in Venice. Before the War, Venice had one of the most interesting English colonies in Italy, and you met in the English houses there some of the most interesting folk in Europe. Everybody of note went to Lady Layard's beautiful palace, with its famous Bellini picture and the collection made by Sir Henry Layard, and you met all the same people again at the Eden Garden on the Giudecca—a triumph of gardening in flower-pots. Then, again, a cosmopolitan world used to gather in the Curtice drawing-room—a picture of which, by the way, was Mr. John Sargent's diploma work, and now hangs in the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy.

But all this belongs to another day, and now the little English colony in Venice is sadly dwindled. It may receive a fillip now if the younger generation are taking their abodes *là-bas*, but it looks as if it will become more fashionable than interesting. At any rate, I hope no more young English noblemen will leap into the Grand Canal straight from the dinner-table, swim across it and back, just because they were "dared to do it."

That sort of thing—and various other oddities popular amongst a particular set of young English folk who have affected Venice recently, leaves the Italians—and those of their fellow-countrymen who witness their antics—gasping.

I can't understand the point of view of these people. They would have words of burning scorn for the British tourist who walks down the Rue de la Paix in shooting kit, but they make public exhibitions of themselves abroad upon which they would never dream of entering in England. And they are all of them sufficiently well born to know better. Perhaps they would answer with Sir Philip Sidney's—

"The Englishman Italianate
Is the Devil himself incarnate."

Photograph *Central News*

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DOG MEET

All the high-bred barks were to be heard at the Crystal Palace last week for the Sixty-first Show of the Kennel Club, where 1,700 dogs congregated in competition. These are Mrs. Webb's greyhounds

Photograph *Sport and General*

JUDGING THE RETRIEVER TRIALS

Mrs. Quintin Dick and Mr. Howard Vyse, two of the judges at the Herts, Beds, and Bucks Retriever Trial held at Shardeloes. Mrs. Quintin Dick, as usual, secured many honours for her exhibits at the Kennel Club Show

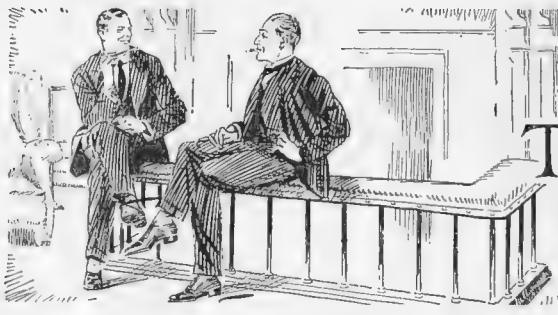
Photograph *Central News*

GOLF AT GLENEAGLES

The Hon. Olive Campbell and Lady Haig on the wonderful Perthshire course

The Fate of Althorp?

It is not improbable that the death of Lord Spencer will mean that Althorp will remain closed for a long time to come. The late Earl was obliged to shut it up because of the heavy burden of taxation, and now the death duties will add a further burden.



ROUND THE CLUB FENDER

BY "ANTHONY"

The Prince's Hunt Coats

THE change of his hunting quarters will mean that the Prince will add yet another to his collection of hunt coats. He has already the Pytchley Hunt button and is a member of the famous Warwickshire "Black Collars." But in the Badminton country he will wear the blue coat with buff facings of the Beaufort Hunt. The Duke himself still always presents the button of the Hunt, the usual formula being for the Duke to remark casually to the intended recipient during the course of the day that he hopes next time he sees him out that he will be wearing the Beaufort Hunt coat. It does not follow, however, that this honour is conferred on all who hunt regularly with the Beaufort pack. The quickest passport to the distinction is for a man to be a good sportsman who takes his fences straight, which the Prince is *par excellence*. Pink coats are very little worn on the Wilts and Gloucester side, those who haven't the blue and buff keeping generally to black.

"Tim" Harington at Sandhurst

JUST fifteen years ago a few "seniors" were being put through their drill examination on the parade in front of Grand Entrance at Sandhurst. They had to drill a squad of "juniors," and on their proper handling of the squad depended partly the place they took on passing out of the R.M.C. It was very hot, and the "juniors" grew bored as one after another the "seniors" put them through the same exercises. Individuals began to make mistakes and the whole squad to move slackly to the word of command. It was hard on the seniors to have to work with such poor material. The examination came to an end and the squad were dismissed. Suddenly a voice rang out: "One moment, gentlemen." Looking round the "juniors" saw "Tim" Harington, then a young instructor at Sandhurst. "Tim" was loved by all the cadets as the great sportsman that he is, and also because of his gentle kindliness in an establishment where discipline was very strict.

To their amazement he gave those cadets a dressing-down such as they had never had from the most irascible drill sergeant in the place. Omitting nothing, he told them exactly what he thought of their conduct in not playing the game better, turned on his heel, and walked away. Of that squad, one cadet afterwards became one of our best-known gentlemen riders, one is in the House of Lords, and others, alas! are dead or crippled. All who still live remember and respect "Tim" Harington.

Photograph G. P. U.
"TIM" HARINGTON

French Country Houses

FRENCH country house life, which is in full swing in the month of October, is of a more formal nature than over here. House-parties are chiefly family affairs, it being the custom for young married folk first to stay with the wife's parents and then go on and visit the husband's family, in each case the young "in laws" have to watch their step.

The Comte de Quiberon sometimes assembles twenty-five members of his family in his beautiful *château* in Brittany.

France's most famous country houses lie in the valley of the Loire. The amiability of some of the owners of these *châteaux* towards the public is very great. The Marquis Hurault de Vibraye, for example, whose family has owned the Château de Cheverny since the fourteenth century, allows parties of tourists to go over his house even when he is living there. One day some people arrived who wanted to see the pictures in his dining-room. The Marquis was at lunch, but rather than disappoint them, he cut a sandwich and finished his meal in the garden—*noblesse oblige!*

The Origin of Port

DOM MANOEL of Portugal as well as being a first-class bridge player, is an excellent *raconteur*. He is especially knowledgeable on Portuguese history. The following story of how the British nation first acquired a taste for port is attributed to him.

In the old days when British ships used to put into Lisbon, the sailors found the light red wine of Portugal too slight for their taste after ship's rum and other spirits. They accordingly mixed brandy with it. In time the Portuguese innkeepers took to having barrels of red wine and brandy ready mixed against the arrival of British ships. And then one day a vessel took a barrel back to London. The merchant, who owned the boat, took a drink from the barrel and said to the captain: "I say, this is good stuff—bring some more over." In this fashion, so the tale runs, the first shipper of English vintage port began his business.

R.I.P.

BY WILMOT LUNT

CUSTOMER: "Don't you think it covers the face too much?"
MADAME: "Oh, no, madam, I think that buried look is so becoming to you!"

RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE OPENING MATCH

By "PENDARVES"

THE opening match of a Rugger season, when you have attained the dignity of "class" play is a trying business. You notice a strained, tense look on the faces of the players as they herd, rather close together, about the steps of the pavilion. They remind one of panicky sheep huddled together in the corner of a pen against who knows what catastrophe. Very new scrum-caps are self-consciously put on, removed, and refitted again with frowns—anything to keep the hands occupied until the infernal clock reaches 3.15.

"I believe the dam thing's stopped."

One has the strong impression, from the Press Stand, that some cunning member of the Committee, of the home side, has moved the goal-posts a bit further in at each end. Surely the "in goal" never used to be there. Much further back, you are convinced. You question one or two players as they pass morosely beneath you.

"Hullo, ol' man—what? I sincerely hope so. I'm a forward, you see, and horribly unfit at that!"

As to the feelings of the new men, who have come up to the 1st XV from last season's "A" team, being a sympathetic writer, who, a decade or two ago, had some of this, I will pass over his *miserere* tactfully. His only aspiration in life at the moment is to be lost in the maelstrom of the scrum and be no more seen.

For the representatives of the London Scottish, in their opening match against the Harlequins, it was a distinctly "trying" business. To have a score of 27 points heaped up against an undignified 0, right at the beginning of things, is enough to make any man blaspheme at the line out.

Both sides had a great deal to say to one another throughout the game. I was much more intrigued with the trend of the general conversation on the field than about the actual run of the game. The latter consisted for the most part of excursions, frequent, and unattended by any of their hosts, by Harlequin three-quarters into the territory behind the Scottish goal-posts. Of course, one heard the usual, "Round him now, forwards, come on!" and "Each a man, each a man!" But other little confabs were being held all over the field of a private and intimate nature, which we could only catch bits of, and we felt rather left out of it. The scrum halves on both sides seemed determined to out-shout each other; and one felt rather sorry for the gasping forwards. Their heads being down, they, of course, could only guess at it, usually wrongly. But it was distinctly entertaining to hear the treble solo of Hamilton, the Scottish feeder of scrums, in his popular song, "Coming on the Left," followed instantly by the alto of the Harlequin, Townell, "Coming on the Right." More often than not the ball, in the excitement of the moment, refused to stay in at all, whereupon a fat spectator below me invariably hummed the opening bars of "Comin' thro' the Rye." It was quite a jolly concert, taking it all round.

Both teams should have a good season, because they have both got their outstanding personalities in the side. As for instance, Ling, a Harlequin forward. Clever man, this. Unlike most men, he is able to add a cubit to his stature by wearing the multi-coloured jersey half-way down his thighs. As he is, otherwise, all chest and superstructure, with a red head atop, he is rather a fierce tackling proposition to men of ordinary dimensions. The canny Scot found it advisable to go for him in couples, on the principle, I suppose, that united we stand, divided we fall. It is a safe axiom for teams that are destined to meet the Quins hereafter that two, if not four, men must be deputed to hang on to parts of Ling, and hope for the best.

Our hearts went out to the Scotsman, Hamilton, whose hair went grey at the side's defeat. And when he was knocked out and brought his grey hairs to the surface of things again with astonishing quickness, a fervent compatriot on the ropes said, "Aye, ye canna doon him, ye canna!"

When Jacot, the lunging Harlequin three-quarter, with a stride like Gulliver, and a set jaw, gets under way, full out with the wind behind him, down the touch line, the opposing back, in future matches, had better commend his soul to Allah, shut his eyes, and receive the shock of impact as best he may. The Scotsmen have a comedian in G. G. King, who prefers to wear the red stockings round his ankles from the very start, turns his toes in, gives a life-like impersonation of "the saftest o' the fam'ly," delights the crowd, and does some heavy shoving in the scrum, when not otherwise employed in stemming the tide of defeat in the thickest part of the battle.

NEVER judge a man by his clothes; judge him by his wife's.

* * *

MANY breach of promise suits have had their beginning in a bathing suit.

* * *

THE weather's about the only thing some married couples have in common.

* * *

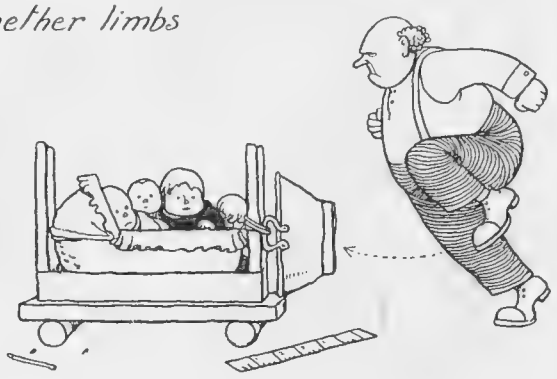
FOR a woman it's never too late to pretend.

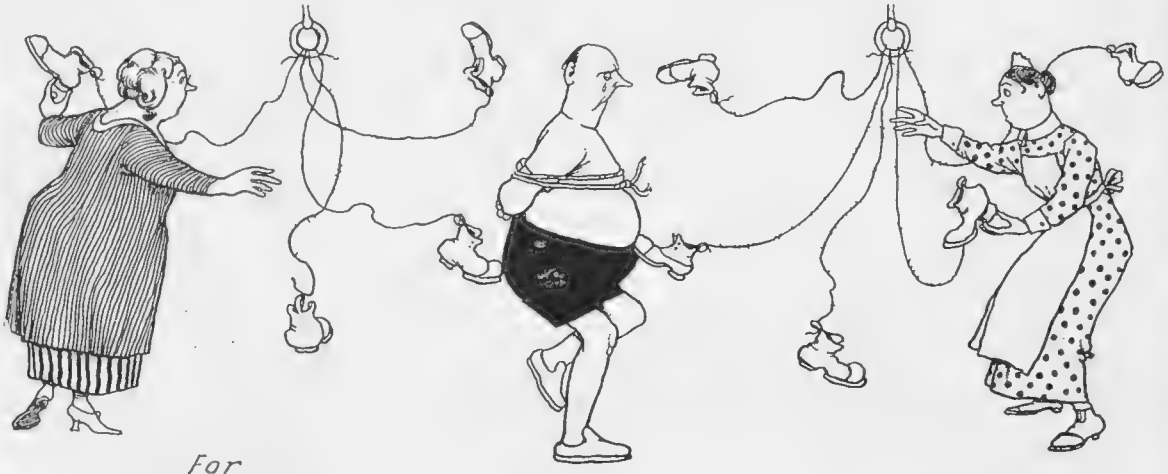
The Enthusiast

W. HEATH ROBINSON

EXERCISE I. For accustoming the system to scrum pressure

EX. 2. For developing the kick-off muscles in the nether limbs

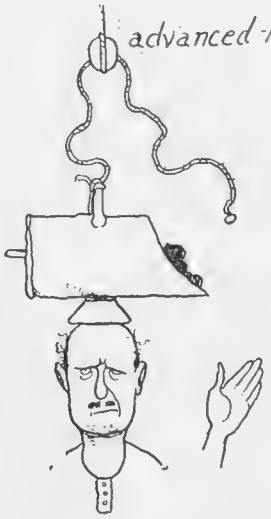




EX. 3. For inuring the body to blows from the boot

EX. 6. A problem for the more advanced. How to get out of a difficult position

EX. 4. For rendering the muscles of the neck pliable.



EX. 5. For accustoming oneself to taps on the skull.

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A SHORT COURSE OF TRAINING FOR THE RUGGER NOVICE

The Broken Wing

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

Produced on the 15th of August

DOROTHY DIX AS INEZ
FRANCIS LISTER AS PHILIP

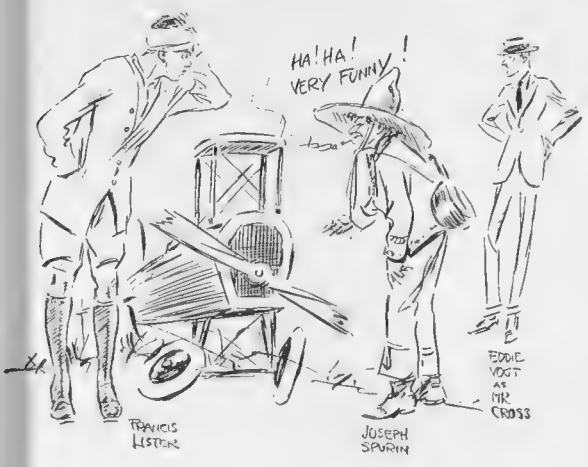
THE scene is laid in Modern Mexico, the land of ephemeral Presidents. The correct "atmosphere" is conveyed across the footlights by the picturesque scenery and costumes, and a scrap of the Castilian tongue thrown in here and there. Captain Innocencio dos Santos (who is hardly as innocent or as saintly as his name might imply) talks of his *muchacha* (girl) in the very first scene, while nearly everybody drags in *mañana*. Then there is a lively young American who wants some water for his car, and who makes his request bi-lingually: "Water, you know, *agua*—what we drink in America." The explanatory addition proved rather too great a strain on the credulity of the audience, and they laughed aloud. But undoubtedly the great sensation of the play is the aeroplane "crash." This must be seen to be believed.

THE Mexican of to-day—as diligent readers of Transatlantic fiction well know—speaks of his American neighbour as a Gringo, while with a nice appreciation of international amenities, the American calls the Mexican a Greaser. (As the dictionary puts it, *ety. dub.*) My excuse for reminding you of this detail is that it is the text of the play. There is nothing like starting with a definition of terms. Thus Inez Villera is a lovely orphan girl of Greaser origin who has been brought up as a Gringo by Luther Farley, an elderly resident Englishman. Under his fatherly influence Inez has learned, among other things, of the benign influence of soap and water regularly applied, a combination, I gather, religiously shunned by the average Greaser. That delightfully humorous rascal, Captain Innocencio, for instance, seldom washes his hands except after having killed a brother Greaser, local etiquette, apparently, demanding that you must not shake hands with a lady when you have blood-stains on your fingers. And, nowadays, we all try to be little gentlemen! Captain Innocencio speaks of Inez as his sweetheart, but she is a little uncertain about it herself. She does not want to marry Innocencio because he is a Greaser, but she will take him if nobody better turns up. Meanwhile her daily prayer is that Heaven will send her a nice Gringo husband who will be a suitable father for the numerous progeny of her maiden anticipation.

THEN we get what may be called the big hit of the piece in more senses than one. People come rushing into Luther Farley's living-room to announce that an aeroplane is about to crash overhead, and everybody runs to take cover. The next moment the air is full of alarms and excursions, and finally we see a full-sized aeroplane butting its way steadily through the wall of the house, and scattering the bricks like so many ninepins. It is really a most ingenious sensation, and quite the most tremendous freak of stagecraft I have seen. One of the unhappy aviators has been killed by the fall; but the other has only been knocked senseless. Inez, rushing to inspect the survivor with the aid of a lighted lamp, finds that he is still alive, and calls frantically to the household to come and look. Heaven has answered her prayer and has sent her a nice Gringo husband straight from the clouds.

THE survivor's name is Philip Marvin, but that is not discovered all at once. He is taken indoors and put to bed, and is tenderly nursed and nourished by Inez on the clear understanding that "finding is keeping." I ask you! When Marvin comes to himself he is suffering from loss of memory, or, as Captain Innocencio puts it in the current American slang, he is "locoed." I think the English slang equivalent is "dotty." Marvin cannot

BASSILIO (JOSEPH SPURIN)



remember his own name, but here Inez comes to his help, because she has seen it marked on his underwear, which is made of a very widely advertised material, and she declares him to be Mr. "Wolsey" in consequence. Just how a young Mexican lady, speaking English with a marked accent, contrived to get pat the quite arbitrary pronunciation of so difficult a foreign word, it is not for the mere outsider to conjecture. It is a matter for the conscience of the advertising manager. It is, however, under this name, so glibly spoken, that Inez woos her Gringo, and even supplies him with a philtre to drink for fear he should dally too long with his love-making. It is in this name, too, that she is married to him by the local priest, and then they come back home to find waiting there a lady who claims that she is already Marvin's wife. And there seems no doubt about the truth of her assertion. The fault of the second marriage is, of course, directly attributable to Marvin's loss of memory, and this is admitted on all sides. It seems to be a new and useful tip for prospective bigamists, and they should order early to avoid the rush.

The acting of the play is of an agreeably high quality. The piece is described as "A Colourful Comedy," which seems to be a new thing in mild expletives, provided, I suppose, you choose the right colour. Although one or two of the incidents, as will have been seen, border on the tragic, they are treated in a light-hearted way that is entirely welcome and refreshing. Mr. Thurston Hall is very happily suited with the part of Captain Innocencio, the jovial and lawless fire-eater, whose idea of courting Inez is to tell her bluntly that if she will not marry him he will break her neck. William the Conqueror is said to have had a better way than that. When Matilda of Flanders refused to be his Consort he just dropped around at her place and gave her a good thrashing, after which she experienced a great change of heart, and the banns went up accordingly. But that was in the fine and spacious days of old! Captain Innocencio represents what there is of law and order in his particular district, being autocratic ruler by the virtue of his good right arm and his ready holster. When, for instance, he desires hasty promotion for himself, he adopts the simple but efficacious method of shooting the General in command and impounding his victim's epaulettes and—medals!

The energetic star of the evening is Miss Dorothy Dix (as Inez), whose broken accent is both dainty and amusing. The severely orthodox may, perhaps, not find some of the lines given to this lady to speak altogether to their taste; and, indeed, I was a little surprised to observe the wild laughter that arose from her rendering of phrases certainly not remarkable for their extreme reverence. Other times, other manners, I suppose. Mr. Francis Lister as the man who lost his memory gives a most satisfying performance; and as a musical Mexican soldier of fortune, Mr. Joseph Spurin makes fun with a nice restraint and an agreeably perfect art. Mr. Eddie Vogt, as a lively American citizen who claims to have the U.S. Army at his beck and call, is cleverly amusing. The play is most original and entertaining, and deserves to be a popular success. In short, as one of the characters remarks, *Vaya, pronto!* JINGLE

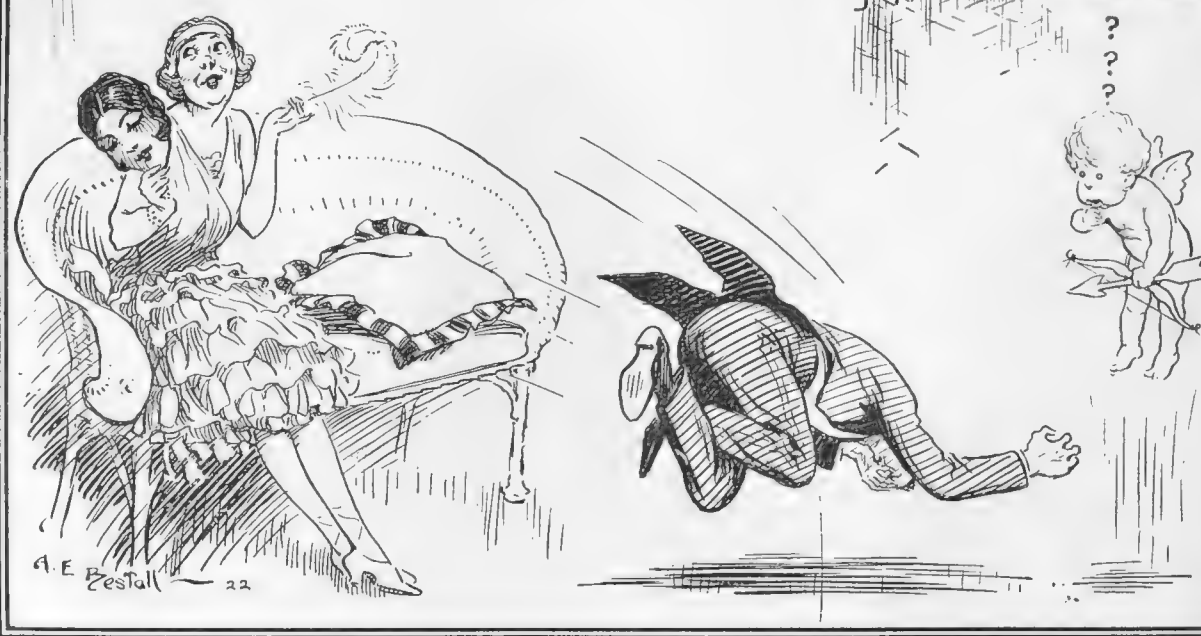
Unfair Unknowns

By E. L. ROBERTS

[*It is becoming fashionable to go to balls in Benda or Dulac masks*]

AS we skilfully threaded the maze of the dance
Our hearts were in tune, we were ripe for Romance;
The "entente" grew "cordiale" under the stairs—
In fact, it was one of those lightning affairs!

In the fulness of time we were faced with the task
Of cementing the pact, so she had to unmask . . .
On my lips the impassioned encomiums froze—
To be frank, I did not like the SHAPE OF HER NOSE!

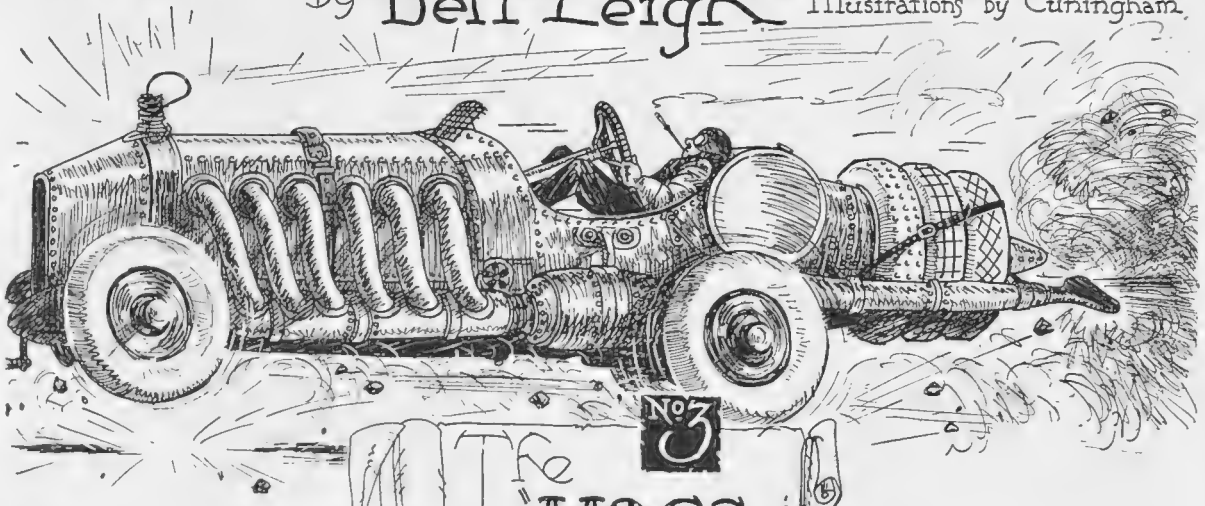


SKETCHES BY A. E. BESTALL

NEW SERIES

The ERRANT MOTORIST

By Deff Leigh Illustrations by Cuningham



No. 3 The "HOGS BACK"

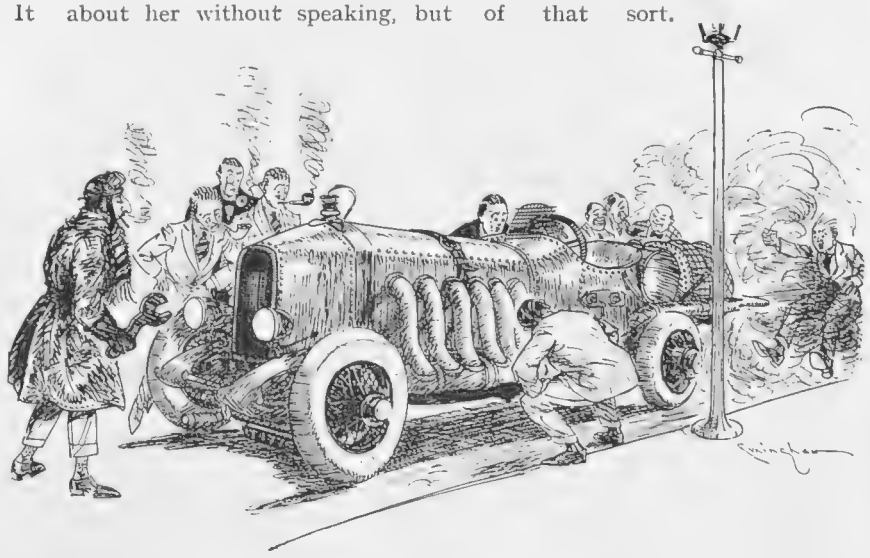
I DON'T think I shall buy a "Hog's Back." I don't think my people would like it.

I have a feeling my aunt Ursula, from whom I hope for the best, would look with grave disapproval upon the whole business. I cannot visualize with sufficient certainty a friendly reception from the Ursula household, in the Cathedral Close at Ryeminster, when the "Hog's Back" and I arrived, just as they were all getting ready to go to the Parochial Garden Fête, in aid of the Retreat for Anglican clergy. I think I should strike the wrong note, somehow.

The "Hog's Back," as you know, is the kind of car that attracts the attention of passing experts and errand boys as it waits outside the tailor's in Conduit Street. It is of no particular make, I find. It has an engine, proud, and of a high stomach, and a hard, unrelenting body. There is no glistening paintwork. It is usually a flat, battleship grey, and clearly only one coat of that. It has deadly looking wire-wheels, and enormous tyres. I think this car must be what Americans term a "Roadster." I have never been perfectly clear what a "Roadster" is, but it seems to indicate something sinister which shoots by with a dull roar when you are least expecting it. But the name "Hog's Back" covers the whole field, as it were. Partly because the hill in Surrey, after which it is called, is treated with a rushing contempt, and partly because the owner is—but I don't wish to be unkind.

One of the "Hog's Back" species was standing outside my Club the other day, by the Green Park railings, after lunch. In the fullness of time its owner went out to it, and a cortége of silent experts went with him. It must be very trying for the owner of a "Hog's Back" to be escorted across Piccadilly by a retinue of bareheaded motor experts, who stand about her without speaking, but observing with a quiet certainty all her weak points. Personally, I could not see that she had any points which could fairly be called weak. To me she appeared to embody all the powers of evil, and I put up a secret Te Deum of thankfulness that I had not been coerced into a "trial run" in her.

A famous racing motorist at my side answered my awed questions in stabbing monosyllables. He mumbled, sceptically it seemed to me, about her light Riccardo pistons, her drilled con-rods, and the specially balanced fly-wheel. I was told she had very high compression, and that she lacked a differential. But she seemed to me the sort of car that would rise calmly above any little deficiency of that sort.



"A retinue of bareheaded motor experts"

The racing man could not quite see, from there, whether he had put a "Buzzard" or a "Vulture" aero-engine into her. Whichever it was, the owner seemed uncertain of so bird-like an engine remaining stationary, because I noticed he had belted a thick luggage strap round her bonnet.

I never have understood, and dare not ask, why these high-powered infernal machines are invariably contained within a leather luggage strap; unless it be merely a symbol of travel? Very curious.

Nor why they must always exude parts of their entrails over the side? This one had six bulbous pipes sticking out, all "lagged round with asbestos packing," I was informed, and leading into a large copper drain-pipe, which lay all along, terminating in a mouth-piece which looked like the sucking end of a vacuum cleaner.

"Great Scot!" said the racing man, "that's the open exhaust, to prevent back pressure, can't you *see*?" I felt I had said the wrong thing.

The owner had apparently satisfied the cortége of critics, for he produced an angular instrument of enormous proportions which he drove viciously into her chest. Having impaled her, he then swung himself about on it, until she could bear it no longer and expostulated with a roar of rage, emitting smoke bombs from the vacuum cleaner.

Instinctively I drew back a little from the Club window. After all we are a fairly new Service club, and this was the hour of the *siesta* in clubland. I did not want to be associated in any way with this battle practice now proceeding in Piccadilly.

The owner, a small man with a dull gleam of pride in his eyes, stood leaning nonchalantly upon his boomerang, nodding answers to a few highly technical questions which members of the cortége were bellowing into his ear above the inferno. He climbed in, having adjusted a leather flying cap and a pair of sinister goggles. But he soothed her anger with a touch of his hand upon her gargantuan steering-wheel, and she subsided into a staccato "pomp-pomp" of gutteral satisfaction.

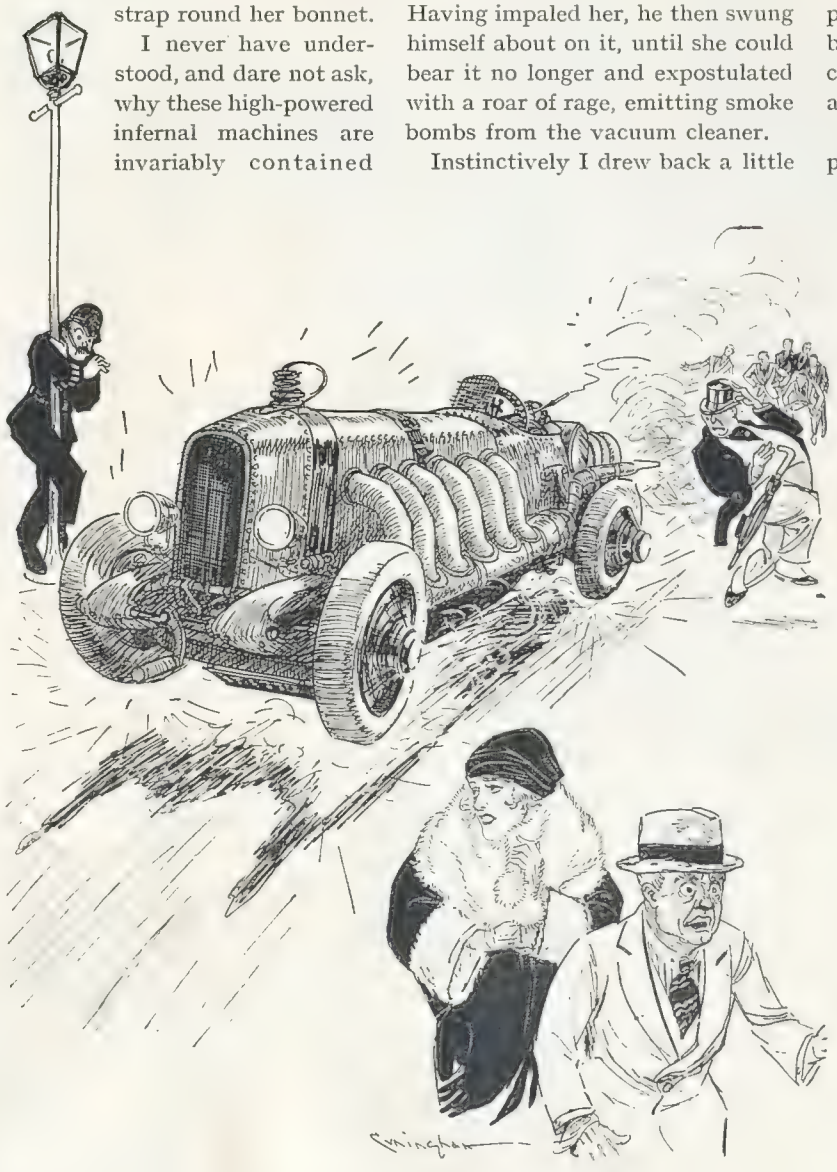
After a few more nods and pointings had been exchanged between him and the chorus of connoisseurs, he "let her go," as my companion announced.

She appeared to bound like a panther towards the walls of St. George's Hospital in the distance; and I went back to my tepid coffee, which now tasted of castor oil and cotton waste.

I suppose it must be very nice to thud wickedly past all other traffic, obviously on your way to Brooklands; conscious that you are paying a £70 tax on your power, and skidding with practised ease round all the hairpin corners. To know that you have only to "open her up" for a second to send highly strung pedestrians and neurotic little dogs screaming with terror to the pavement. Rather pleasing to have a petrol tank about the size of the average householder's bath, filled with aviation spirit at 2*s.* 10*d.* a gallon. Particularly gratifying must it be to roar past a man on the road who owes you money and pelt him with dust and small stones. There must be a peculiar satisfaction in stating, in reply to deferential questions, that you "made" Portsmouth under the two hours; and that you have only burst five tyres in the last fortnight.

All this, of course, shows a skill and *verve* not given to the ordinary man. On thinking it over carefully, however, I have come to the conclusion that I prefer a push-bike. There is an element of stability about a bicycle which rather appeals to me. Moreover, you can at least get off and walk when things are likely to become too strenuous.

I feel if I bought a Hog's Back I should never walk again.



"He 'let her go'"

NEXT WEEK:
No. IV. "THE VETERAN"

"A Kill"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

GIRL: "Don't you think hunting is a cruel sport?"
NOVICE: "I should think I do, I'm nearly dead!"

FASHION DE

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ECREES—?

BY GEORGE S. DIXON

CUB-HUNTING

NEW SERIES

Secrets of the Silver Screen

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Illustrated by Geo. S. Dixon

No. II.—PROPS AND THE WOODEN BOX

"ANYONE would think you were the whole blooming show!" said the Noble Hero to Props.

"I bet the show could bloom a lot better without *you* than without me!" snorted Props.

The discussion had begun with a slight misunderstanding about cigarettes. The company had started in motors from Hollywood for "location" (a distance of umpteen dusty miles) at an unearthly hour of the morning, and the Hero of *Don't Park Your Husband* had forgotten his personal cigarettes. The Property Man (alias "Props") was willing to grant him a few for private use, out of that wonderful travelling-case which carries to location everything on earth that actors or actresses need for any possible scene, superseding the celebrated Wooden Box sufficient for Studio work. But he couldn't lie down under a fool of a Hero's criticism of his taste in tobacco, and other skinflint tricks to save the management's money.

"Righto. I'll leave you to bloom alone then, old man, and carry on without me," said the Hero. "Fact is, I ought to have stayed in bed and called a doctor. Feel as if I was in for appendicitis this time. I'll toddle a'ong and break it to Walt that I'm gon' to beat it for home."

"Walt" was the director, and author of the play, though only the most brightly twinkling stars ventured to call him "Walt," or even "Walter," to his face. The Hero, however, was capable of calling the gate-keeper of Paradise "Pete." He expected a storm of protest, followed by torrents of persuasion, but to his deep disappointment the great man quietly said, "Chase yourself to the nearest medico, my boy. We'll worry along without your scenes, to-day." So the Hero had no excuse to stop, and was obliged to tool back to Hollywood alone in his new car, instead of carrying beside him the Heroine who had been his companion in coming out. Rosita Snow was the prettiest natural blonde in Hollywood, and Walter was not blind to her beauty, although married and the father of children. *Love* may be blind, but nobody ever said that the state of marriage permanently injured a man's eyesight!

"Darn his old kiss!"

The Hero's departure annoyed the Heroine, because leaving his scenes out meant that she had come on location practically for nothing. Besides, his walking off proved that he cared more to gratify his vanity than to get the chance of three (film) feet of kiss on her upstage cheek, in Scene 318.

She wasn't engaged to him yet, and now resolved that she never would be, or anyhow, not for longer than fifteen minutes some day when she felt bored to tears, or all "shot to pieces." Consequently, she remarked to Props (who was supplying her with hairpins from the Wooden Box's travelling substitute) "Milton Manners' appendix is in his *eye!* I wish we could pay him out for dangling it over our heads every time he gets his mad up!"

The difficulty of dangling an appendix already grafted into a sufferer's eye did not occur to Miss Rosita Snow, and Props was too polite (to her) to explain the impossibility of such a proceeding. "I'll *get* him all right," he promised. "Watch my step." And presently Rosita saw him having a heart-to-heart talk with the Director. She didn't know what it was about. But she wondered.

Next morning, largely thanks to Manners' defection yesterday, they had to be on the same location again at eight o'clock, to get the right light and right tide for the Hero and Heroine's orchard scenes.

The former had taken some treatment which had coaxed the erring appendix back into bounds. He was on time and best behaviour.

"Hope I didn't put you out too much," he said.

"Not too much," the Director echoed.

But when he heard that Props was not on hand, none who saw his foaming rage could have guessed that no scenario had ever been mapped out with more care than the absence of Props and his travelling case.

"I guess if you could worry along without *me* yesterday, Rosita and I can worry along without *him* to-day," the Hero consoled all whom it might concern.

"Let's try," the Heroine's moan stifled a giggle, for she had been in the moving picture-game since she was twelve, whereas the Hero wouldn't have been in it at all, if some Big Boss hadn't admired the shape of his profile a few months ago.

A VERY LIVE "PROP"—

Undergoing an overhaul at the hands of the dentist of Universal City, where a menagerie is maintained that includes animals for almost every kind of work that may be needed, from thrilling jungle effects to "slapstick" scenes

So they did try. And you would hardly believe what happened—or, rather, what *didn't* happen—unless you knew the mystery of the Wooden Box, and the quality of Props' far from wooden head.

Perhaps it may help, to tell you a few—just a few—of the more ordinary, common or garden things without which the Wooden Box would be a mere Pandora's box of troubles.

Here's a list of articles which must be kept in Props' kit even for Studio use, to say nothing of inaccessible locations:

1 package (large) hairpins.
1 bottle of blood, 8 ozs. (Best imitation in the paint line employed by murderers, murdered, etc.)
1 bottle smelling salts.
1 work box containing needles, thread, and buttons.
1 bar of soap.
1 bottle gasoline (for cleaning).
1 package safety pins.
2 packages matches.
1 box of cigars.
1 package cigarettes.

[Only *one*, you see, which was why Props had to be stingy for Manners' private needs, considering that professionally the Hero must light a fresh cigarette for each "take," and there were four or five takes (shots for choosing) in every scene.]

6 sets jewels (representing thieves' haul or otherwise).
1 envelope containing will, Villain's papers, etc.
1 bottle best glycerine (for tears).
Several boxes face powder, assorted tints, with grease paint to match.
1 bottle Mascarro (for damaged eyebrows, wept-off lashes, etc.)
6 Handkerchiefs (3 ladies, 3 gents).

Not to mention stick lip-salve, packets of absorbent cotton, and gauze bandages, sticking plaster, iodine, hand-mirrors, etc., etc.

"Where's your book, Rosita?" demanded the Director, in the first love scene between Heroine and Hero.

They had to bend their heads together (light from behind on Miss Snow's hair) over a volume of poetry—which, by the way, would later do duty (Scene 509) as a prayer-book for the runaway wedding ceremony. No book was forthcoming. It was one of Props' props. Nobody had a book of any description. They had to skip to the scene of the kiss (318) where so far as anyone could recall in a hurry, no

A "CLOSE UP"

Of a small actor with yet another of the Universal City Menagerie—evidently an old hand

properties were required, except the lips, hands, and arms of the lovers, seated under an apple-tree. But, as they sat down, Rosita remembered.

"Egypt's Queen!" she gasped. "I've got to *cry* first. Where are the tears? You know I *can't* squeeze out a drop in comedy unless I have a cold in the head!"

There was no glycerine, consequently there were no tears, and nobody was prepared to shed any. The beautiful crying scene had to be passed over. In the scene where Manners had to wound his hand they had tried to fake the necessary blood with a mixture of dark brown earth and water, but the photographic value was nil, and the Hero added cowardice to his other failings by a firm refusal to shed even a stingy gill of his own vital fluid.

Only the jewel scene, the rain scene, and the following mud scene remained of those for the Hero and Heroine to enact on location, but not one of them could be done. There were no jewels; there was no rain—that is, no sprinkling can; and there was no Fullers' earth to mix the right quantity of mud. At last Rosita Snow sank down in the grass to cry, but before they could rush Manners back for the kiss

(318) the tears had been dried by the heat of wrath. Besides, she was glaring at Manners more as a cat glares at a strange dog than as a sweet young Heroine gazes at her lover. And the movement of cherry (paste) lips exploding, "Darn his old kiss!" could never be made on the screen to resemble the whisper, "I've loved you always!"

Just as the Director split the air and many infinitives in his fury, a large open motor-car was seen approaching from a distance. It plunged down the unspeakable road which moving picture people encourage to debouch upon their locations, in order to fend off the curious public. It bounded over hummocks of grass, it swept along a smoother space, and, finally, disgorged Props with his immense Wooden Box.

"Sorry!" he shouted, smiling. "My travelling case had an accident. I had to go back when I was half way here. But I just hoped against hope you'd get along without me as well as we did without Milt. yesterday. I had a dream last night, that he and I had turned into two figures on a barometer. You know the things? One slides out while the other sneaks in. The two can't ever come on the scene at the same time."

"Dreams go by contraries!" rapped the Director. "I know now, if I never knew before, that all the stars of heaven are no good to me if one Props is off the map, with his beastly box! Come on everybody, for the Lord's sake, get busy!"

For the first time since that profile of his won a leading part, Milton Manners was unpopular with himself. And the moral is: What's a Hero without blood or (if needed) an extra collar-stud? Why, at Hollywood, where nearly every man tries to look like Douglas Fairbanks, and many men succeed in doing so, almost anyone can take on all but your "close ups," when you get that attack of appendicitis or smoker's heart. Whereas Props—a whole picture can go to pieces without Props and his Wooden Box.

No. III. of this interesting series will appear next week.

By Graham Simmons

NOT IN THESE DAYS

She: "The woman who hesitates is lost"
Her Partner: "No, not lost—extinct!"

THE CELEBRITY

A TRIVIAL ENCOUNTER. By P. BEAUFOY

It was really all Agatha's doing. Agatha is, incidentally, my wife. Particularly, she is a hunter of Celebrities. On a first-night she poses as a georgette-bound edition of "Who's Which," and I have seen country cousins sit spellbound whilst she has picked out the notabilities.

At Harrogate I was enjoying the preliminary section of my dinner, when Agatha's high-pitched whisper broke in upon the soup.

"O, look! Do look, dear!"

I looked. If a governess or parent ever suggested to Agatha that it is rude to point, I can only conclude that the advice has long since been disregarded.

I followed the moving finger. It indicated a bald-headed elderly gentleman about seven feet away from our table.

"Surely, surely you know that face," she murmured, excitedly.

The face *did* seem familiar. I was positive that I had seen the elderly diner somewhere, but I could not remember when or where.

"I know that man's face as well as my own," purred Agatha. This was a considerable tribute, for her mirror is a long-suffering and over-worked servant. "Now, let me see. . . ."

Her face assumed the far-away, agonised expression that it invariably holds when she is diving into the recesses of the brain that stores the pages of "Who's Which."

"It's not Winero, the dramatist, though it's something like him," she cooed. "It might have been Sir Thomas Skipton, but he is in America. And I don't think it's Salmon Jackson."

"Nor I," I observed, "for I have never seen a ghost eat a *table-d'hôte* dinner."

"O, I didn't know he was dead," said Agatha, carelessly. (She takes no interest in deceased lions.) "Now, who on earth *can* he be?"

As I particularly wanted to continue my dinner in comparative peace I racked my brains in the endeavour to recall the identity of the elusive one.

It was no good. Agatha did not enjoy her meal a bit. Right down to the coffee stage her eyes held the puzzled, agonised look.

But, like all women of the lion-hunting breed, she is never daunted.

On the way out of the dining-room Agatha halted at the table of the unknown. He looked up smilingly, for Agatha is undoubtedly attractive.

"I beg your pardon," she said in her sweetest tone. "Please don't think me frightfully rude. But I feel certain that my husband and I have seen you before, though we are not acquainted."

The elderly gentleman seemed rather pleased. A satisfied light shone in his small eyes.

"I fancy that I *am* fairly well known."

"There! I was certain of it." She laughed triumphantly. "It's absurd of me, of course, but, somehow, I can't remember the name just for the moment."

The diner smiled.

"Thomas Pratt," he said, proudly.

Agatha looked at me, and tried not to look blankly. The name certainly suggested nothing to either of us. I could not recall even the obscurest of O.B.E.'s with that name.

"Er, Mr. Thomas Pratt," she echoed, feebly, and then to cover her confusion stammered out:

"You—er—paint, don't you?"

"O, yes. Been a painter for years."

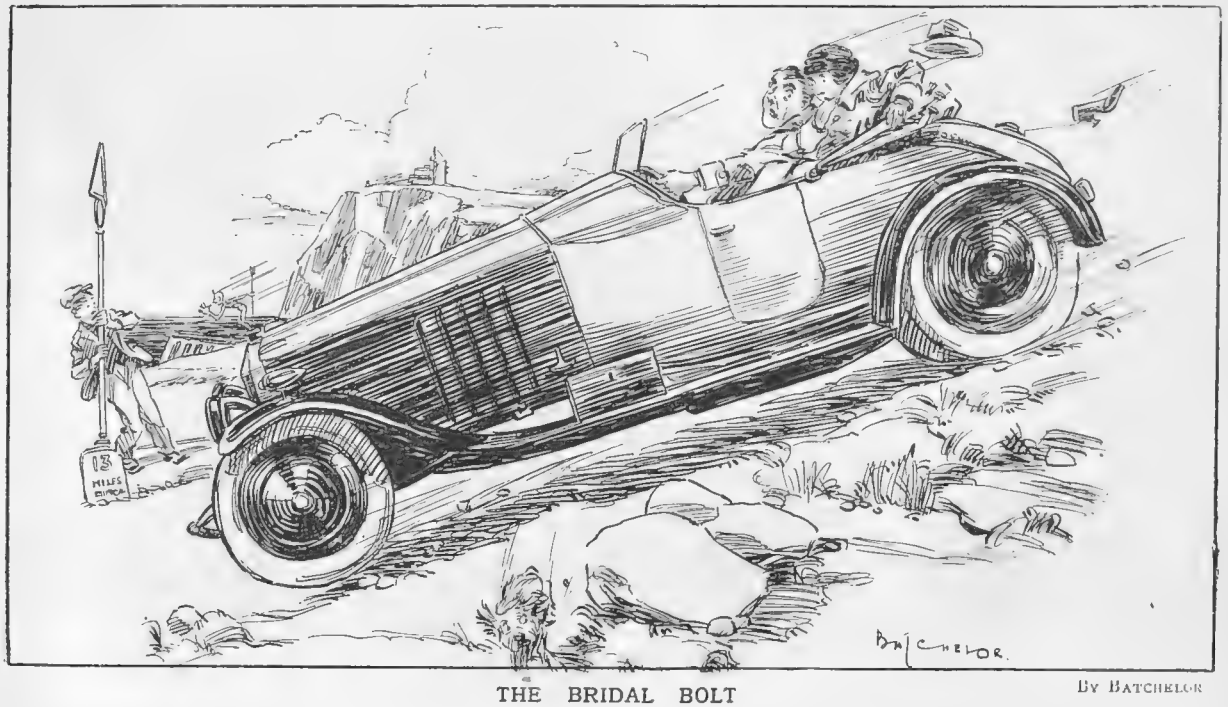
"Landscapes?" she asked.

"No. 'Ouses! I'm having a bit of a holiday among the swells at the moment. I expect this is where you've seen my photo."

He took from his pocket a dirty newspaper. In the top corner we saw our elusive one's features. Beneath them was a letter stating that he had never suffered from bad-temper, bashfulness, or blushing since he had taken Timson's Temperamental Tablets.

. . . .

Poor Agatha!



THE BRIDAL BOLT

By Batchelor

Bridegroom (*on honeymoon*): "You've g-got the runaway carriage you wanted, after all, darling. The brakes won't act!"

All On "Hot Air"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

I am looking forward to a Gliding Bill being introduced into the House

Femina

THE BEAUTY OF TEAK

BY MRS. M. VINCE

EVERYONE knows of teak if it is only from the lines in Kipling's *Mandalay*:

We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!

It is one of the ancient and great woods of the world, like the cedars of Lebanon and the English oak, and it has been used for building in India, especially for building temples, for well over 2,000 years. It is an Indian wood, a native of the Indian peninsula, of Burma and Siam, and it is from Rangoon and Moulmein, where that "British soldier" of Kipling's song saw the elephants piling it ready for the steamers, that its export chiefly comes.

AFTER the builders of temples, the builders of ships discovered its great value, and, before the days of iron ships, Rangoon was an important ship-building port simply because it possessed teak. Teak comes to England. It is still used, I am told, in the construction of liners and also in making railway-carriages. But it is, above all, a most beautiful wood to use in houses. If it is not more used, if it is, in fact, very little known for this purpose, that probably is only because it is more expensive than any of our woods except mahogany.

YET its qualities make it well worth while to pay the extra cost of it. It is a very strong wood, but easy to work, and not very heavy, being, in fact, a little lighter than English oak. When well seasoned it does not shrink or crack—and it lasts for centuries. In that it is a rival of our oak. The oak in the Shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey is 800 years old—a splendid age for a wood—but there are beams of teak in Indian buildings which are believed to beat that by 200 years.

THESE are great qualities in a wood, and, to add to them, teak has a lovely colour. The heartwood of the growing tree is gold, and this turns, when the wood is seasoned, to a beautiful warm brown. Its durability comes from an oil in the wood. This oil is aromatic, and the wood keeps a fragrance from it for a very long time after it has been seasoned. It is this combination of qualities which makes it, for any purpose in the interiors of modern houses, a wood without a superior.

By R. H. Evens

THE ELUSIVE THERM

Harassed Householder: "Look here, this meter is no good; it's addicted to 'Therminological Inexactitudes'!"

IT can be used equally well for floors, staircases, window-frames, window-sills, and doors. Because it is so durable, and because it is such a beautiful colour, it needs no paint nor stain, and it can be used for a staircase without any carpet. If treated with beeswax and turpentine it takes a beautiful polish, and if it is used unpolished, as, for example, for a hall-door or window-frames, it will only need attending to once in a year in order to be kept in good condition. It should first be well washed with soap and warm water. Then hot linseed oil should be applied with a brush, and well rubbed in with a cloth. The oil feeds the wood and helps to preserve it.

NOTHING shows up the beauty of polished teak better than ebony. In a teak floor, for example, a line of ebony three-eighths of an inch wide, should be inlaid, running all round the floor at a distance of eighteen inches or two feet from the walls. So, too, with a staircase of teak—and it is for staircases that teak is most attractive—there should be the same narrow line of inlaid ebony running up the stairs on each side, five or six inches from the wall and the balusters.

THERE are other things, also, in a house where teak is used, which can be made of it. I know one "teak" house which has its radiators enclosed in a beautiful lattice-work of teak. This entirely hides the ugliness of the pipes, but does not take away any of the heat.

THE most unexpected use of teak is for baths. Its advantage is that the wood is warmer than a surface of porcelain or enamel, and so takes less heat from the water. At the same time, teak is so strong and durable that the surface of a teak bath remains just as smooth as any other. The most luxurious and beautifully fitted bathroom that I have ever seen was entirely of marble—except for the bath which was of teak. M. V.

In "The Toils of Yoshitomo"

A TRAGEDY OF ANCIENT JAPAN

MISS MURIEL PRATT
As Chihaya, in the Little Theatre's latest play, which has just been produced

YOSHITOMO
Mr. Milton Rosmer, who has been doing sterling work at the Everyman Theatre, takes the name part

A PLAY OF OLD JAPAN

Written by Japan's foremost dramatist, Torahiko Kori, and translated by himself into English, "The Toils of Yoshitomo," produced at the late home of Grand Guignol last week, boasts a cast that should ensure something of success. That stalwart arm of the British theatre, Mr. J. Fisher White, has the principal part of Tameyoshi, Commander of mighty armies, and father of many sons and one daughter, Chihaya, Miss Muriel Pratt. Yoshitomo, Mr. Milton Rosmer, is Commander of the opposing army. The striking resemblance between the photographs of Miss Muriel Pratt and Miss Hazel Jones, caused purely by the native style of hairdressing, is remarkable; in reality they are quite distinct types

SADA
Miss Hazel Jones, another recruit from the Everyman Theatre, who is a prominent figure in this colourful drama

Photographs by E. O. Hoppé

Photograph *Sidney H. Nicholls*

CATCHING THE OCTOBER TINTS

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

THE MASTER OF THE ATHERSTONE

An impression of the Master-huntsman, Major W. E. Lyon, of this popular pack, from a clever charcoal-water colour by Webster Murray. Major Lyon reports good prospects from his country

Have a Care

LAST week I referred to the unfortunate fact that farming is passing through a bad time. Have a special care, then, you riders to hounds this season. Scrupulously avoid unnecessary damage to fences and growing crops. 'Ware wheat, seeds, and roots. And when hounds are not running never jump a fence if you can get through a gate. Remember, too, the importance of closing the gates so as to prevent stock from straying out of the field, for when that occurs untold annoyance is caused. Above all, bear in mind that courtesy must invariably be shown to those over whose land we are privileged to ride. As one famous M.F.H. puts it, a kindly word to a farmer does an immensity of good, whereas a thoughtless word or action will cause incalculable harm which it may take months to put right. All these are well-worn maxims, but many newcomers to the hunting-field have arrived during the last few seasons, and it will not be out of place to remind them that tenant farmers and the new land-owners cannot be expected to give so many facilities to the Hunt as they have done in the past, unless they know that proper care is taken for their sakes. Farming and fox-hunting will flourish side by side for many a long day, if only reasonable precautions are taken to maintain the good fellowship which, happily, reigns at present.

The Youngest M.F.H.

THE youngest M.F.H. in the country is Miss Eileen Berry, the daughter of Mr. H. Seymour Berry, of Gwaelodygarth, Merthyr Tydvil. The Gelligaer was formerly a public subscription Hunt, but Miss Berry has now taken over the hounds, and the Hunt will in future be her private property. A highly successful season is anticipated, foxes being numerous and hounds in excellent fettle. The number of women Masters shows no tendency to diminish. Indeed, the Marchioness of Bute has joined the list since this time last year. She is now the Master of the Scottish pack which for many years was in the hands of the Earls of Eglinton. Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Walter Faber, who, with the assistance of Arthur Thatcher, showed some wonderful sport in High Leicestershire last season, remain in office. So do Lady Masham in the Bedale country, Mrs. Keith Simmons in the Tedworth, and Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes in Wales. As was shown by the "List of Hounds" which we published last week, there are one or two other women M.F.H.s, and it can fairly be said that the sex is taking a more prominent part in hunting affairs than ever before.

Lord Lascelles' Country

LORD LASCELLES, assisted by his brother, Major Lascelles, will be responsible for showing sport in the Bramham Moor country, where Princess Mary, in due course, will be able to enlarge upon the foxhunting experiences which she has gained mainly in West Norfolk. The Bramham Moor will have plenty of foxes to hunt, especially on the Harrogate side of the country, where they have been somewhat scarce since the War. York and Ainsty prospects are good—"a capital show of foxes, very little wire, and the Hunt well supported by the farmers in all parts." From the Middleton and Sinnington countries the news is just as bright. Most of the Yorkshire countries suffered heavily by the restrictions brought about by foot-and-mouth disease in the second half of last winter. Better luck this time!

MR. E. PEMBERTON STEER

An action snapshot of the Master of the Llangibby Hunt

The Irish Outlook

THE only section of our Hound List which was not quite complete last week was that devoted

Photograph] AT A MEET OF THE COTSWOLD HUNT [*I. B.*

Lady Anderson with her daughter at Kilkenny Inn, where they took part in a good day's sport recently. Lady Anderson is the wife of Sir Alan Anderson, the shipowner

HUNTING NOTES (concluded)

to Irish packs. Not one of the forms sent to Ireland had been returned, this being due, of course, to the postal strike which was lately raging there. Since then the various reports have come to hand. It is difficult to forecast how the season will go in Ireland, though it may be recalled that last winter a great deal of excellent sport was shown there in spite of all the political upheavals. This time none of our Irish correspondents speak with real hopefulness of the season. How can they when dire trouble is still rampant? In various countries the absence of British officers with the hounds is keenly regretted.

Reviewing the reports from other quarters as a whole, it can be said that there has rarely been an October in which the outlook was more hopeful. Huntsmen are expecting scent to be good after the rare soaking the land has lately received, and I trust they will be in no way disappointed. A. W. C.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Cesarewitch

DOUBLE HACKLE carries top weight in the Cesarewitch, but it strikes me that with 9st. on his back the task is rather beyond the powers of this good stayer. If you look into the history of the big long-distance handicap you will find that it has very seldom been won by a horse with such a burden. In any case I fail to perceive how Double Hackle can be expected to beat either Juniso or Ballyheron on their Newcastle form in the summer, for he meets them at a vast disadvantage in the weights. Juniso's latest performances have not been particularly encouraging, and I greatly prefer the chances of Ballyheron, who has been specially saved for this race, and from all I hear is in splendid fettle just now. There is not the slightest doubt about his stamina.

A Consistent Plodder

FLINT JACK is a great favourite of mine; indeed, he must be with racegoers generally, for he has been a model of consistency. True, he was badly beaten at Nottingham last week, but he was bumped about a good deal in that race, and I think you can wash out that form so far as he is concerned. He is quite likely to run into the first three, but Ballyheron has surely the better of the weights. In the summer the latter was handicapped to give Flint Jack 8 lb., and now the difference between them is only 1 lb.

Charlebelle

CHARLEBELLE has kept very steady in the market all through the ante-post wagering, and it is quite clear that those connected with her stable firmly believe that they have got the mare in her right form at last. Nobody could fail to be impressed by the ease with which she won at Sandown Park in the summer, but, of course, she has a very different job in the Cesarewitch. While I respect her chance, I am not enamoured of it, as Donoghue's mount, Arravale, is sure to have a strong public backing. The ground will be more to his liking than it was in the Cesarewitch last year. It is said that he was beaten in a recent Foxhill trial by Vaddy, who is one of the 6st. lot in the Cesarewitch, but I shall expect Arravale to reverse those placings in the actual race. The deeper the going the better Arravale will run

The Light Weights

SILVESTER naturally comes strongly into the reckoning by virtue of his successes at Doncaster and Nottingham, but at the new weights Cottage enjoys a slight advantage over him. I am advised in one quarter that both of them will be beaten by Mizzen Mast, whose running at Doncaster you can safely ignore, for he was completely put out of action there by a mishap. It will be highly interesting to see how the St. Leger colts, Ceylonese and Sanhedrim, figure in this week's big race. Both have already been heavily backed, yet I shall not be surprised to see Backwood outstay them both. Tishy may make amends for her horrible display last year, and I am prepared to see Spes run well under her light weight.

A Vote for Ballyheron

BUT after weighing up all the chances I remain of the opinion that **Ballyheron** is the likely winner. Several weeks ago I put up Ballyheron and Tremola in these pages as a likely double for the big autumn handicaps, and I have no reason so far to regret having made those selections. In any case, it is at least satisfactory to have two "live" horses representing us right up to the end. There is, naturally, a tremendous furore for the Manton fillies in the Cambridgeshire, but it seems to me that they are weighted up to the top of their form. Tremola is a genuine candidate.

By "THE TOUT"

THIS WEEK'S GREAT RACE

Lister, in Mr. Gilbert Robinson's colours, who will probably ride Flamboyant in the Cesarewitch

Drake's Chance

I AM afraid that the Middle Park Stakes, to be run on Friday, will not be so representative of the best two-year-old talent as this race usually is. Several of the smartest youngsters are not engaged, notably Town Guard, Cos, Legality and Pharos. I hope these young champions will be given a chance in the big race at Hurst Park next month. Meanwhile, the Middle Park looks a reasonably good thing for Drake. If we were to take the Goodwood running as being strictly correct then there would not be much to choose between Mrs. Whitburn's colt and Scyphius, but I fancy the former is appreciably better now than he was then. His latest performances have encouraged his owner and trainer to suppose that he will not be without a chance of beating Town Guard the first time they meet. I think we can safely look for the success of **Drake** on Friday.

Other Selections

NOT the least interesting event of the week will be the Cheveley Park Stakes on Wednesday, in which some of the best two-year-old fillies can meet. Cos is not there, yet the Whatcombe stable will still be well represented. A likely winner is **Shri,** who has a bit of weight to give away, but is very speedy. **Legality** has been for some time on the shelf, but if he is all right again he should win the Prendergast Stakes on the following day. I fancy **Castile** for the Second October Nursery and **John Green** for the Exning Welter.

A Bevy of Beauty in Beak Street

"SIX LOVELY PEACHES GREW UPON A TREE"
But, fortunately, Murray's saw them, and now they're growing in the Cabaret Show, thriving splendidly, thank you, on the latest song and the newest dance

A VERY COY BOY!

POUDRÉES CHARMANTES

Photographs Foulsham and Banfield

From the ashes of the old Murray's Club there has arisen a veritably new rendezvous where, while you sip your Château-Equem and toy with a *sole bonne femme*, they now mingle with the menu a Cabaret Show of prodigiously amusing and beautiful people, who will amuse the most satiated of revue and theatre-goers. On the left Alice Alexander makes a beautiful boy, while the powder boxes are Joséphine André and Dorothy Hazel. Murray's are still domiciled in Beak Street

Photographs ALL AT THE PERTH HUNT RACES *L. N. A. and Central News*

LORD SEMPHILL, LADY SEMPHILL AND THE HON. MRS. STIRLING

THE EARL OF AIRLIE AND SIR GEORGE KINLOCH

THE HON. JOHN DEWAR, CAPTAIN AND MRS. PILHAM BURN, THE HON. MRS. DEWAR

Perth, during the hunt races, was the scene of much festivity and interest, although attendance at the races and the famous hunt ball was minimised owing to the counter attraction of St. Andrews, where the Prince of Wales' visit and inauguration as Captain of the Royal and Ancient, coincided

DANGEROUS HABITS

By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Too much crimson wallpaper"

LONDON, *October* 9

DEAR COUSIN—

STILL the leaves fall, and the bracken goes on growing more and more golden, and the birds sing their autumn songs and the evenings draw in. . . . All of a spurt and a rush and a bump, this last, by the way, 'cos of Summer Time having just come, alas! to its end and close.

HAPPENED with quite a bit of a shock, too, didn't it? 'cos we'd, somehow, lots of us, forgotten all about it, having now got right into the habit and custom thereof, so to speak. And rather a rude awakening—what?—to have a whole solid hour suddenly cut off your day, that'd got quite short enough already without this last and final blow.

S'POSE it's fearfully good for us, though, to be startled and shaken out of anything in the way of a habit, really. I mean, we do slip into quite heaps of them so easily, don't we? Some of them boring and some 'citing. Habit of having a regular number of regular meals at reg'lar times, f'rinstance, and going to bed every night at nine or thereabouts (more thereabouts than nine, I'm thinking).

OR habit of hectically going out every night, like in the sort of season that seems to be just starting here in London now. And rushing off to shows at all sorts of odd moments, and dancing till the small hours 'gin to grow to a quite respectable size, and coming home with the milk and the first faint rays of sunshine glinting over the pale pavements and the yellow leaves and the dew-soaked grass. . . . 'Cos that *is* rather the kind of thing, I must 'fess, that 'pears to be going to be more or less the *régime* of, anyway, some of us in the season that's just pushing off in this old home town of mi-ine, as they put it in all the best fox-trot songs.

AND awfully nice and restful, having habits, of course, but, like most things that are *really* pleasant positively frightfully bad for us, I'm quite sure. Can't possibly be good to be just a comfortable vegetable all the time, that's quite certain, for one thing, even if one could bear it. To have breakfast always (prob'ly in bed) about nine, and lunch at one, and dinner at eight, and do nothing that matters or think anything particular or read aught that stirs your heart, between times. . . . Or make any new friends or collect any new ideas. . . .

OR, contrariwise, to hustle through the day (*and* night) doing things (that don't *partic'larly* matter) every single feverish minute, just 'cos you simply can't bear to have one solitary second of your time left idle or unbooked.

That has a way of palling, too, in the end—hasn't it ?—and becoming every bit as poisonous. . . .

> You have lived too long,
> With a crimson wallpaper :
> Try for a little time
> A lucid grey—

as one of the great modern poets puts it. Don't quite know which, but prob'ly either Edith or Sacheverell Sitwell, if it isn't Aldous Huxley or Iris Tree.

卐

IT's men, you know, I can't help thinking, that are really responsible for there being such things as habits at all. Yes, I know they *say* women are the Conservatives, but it isn't true. Ever so much more adventurous, when it comes to the point. It's the *man*, after all, who likes firesides and armchairs and dull dinner-parties and keeping regular hours and doing the right thing—and is frightfully shocked and shaken to the core if even *you* dare to dash into something quite new in the way of clothes. While as for himself . . . !

"Frightfully shocked if you dare to dash into something new in clothes"

卐

RATHER favourable sign of the times, *ergo*, as the highbrow people say, that there's actually starting to be (*on dit*) quite a new fashion for men in the matter of no less important and immemorially established a thing than the garments they are prepared to submit themselves in—the dear shy things—to the public and censorious gaze. Actually and truly they have been seen, just a few of them, in long black evening capes with deep velvet collars. . . . Isn't it frightfully bold and venturesome and naughty of them ?

卐

RATHER like revivals, though, must confess, myself. And am rather glad the Guards are going back into scarlet this week again, t'rinstance. Just a little more colour in a drab world, for one thing—what ? And when our revenue's down fifty millions on last year, and the income tax is going up another shilling or two, anyway, 'cos of Turkey's bad behaviour, what's another few millions or so on to the bill ? 'Specially when you really see, and can't help seeing, the result thereof scattered all about the Town, especially where the best nursemaids and people do congregate ?

卐

NEVER mind, though, *ma cousine*. To-night the Carlton, most delightful of exclusively delightful restaurants, submits at long last to the alleged waning craze by including *soupers dansants* with the midnight menu, for which sacred purpose they've introduced into the restaurant a perfectly fabulous-priced floor. There's a masked ball, too, to-morrow at the dear old Palais de Danse, that we've all visited in our time, *n'est-ce-pas ?* and even some of us—hush, hush !—bought a sixpenny partner at, when we got tired of our own, and thought we'd have a nice (and cheap) adventure into the (usually abysmally dull) unknown. And Wednesday's the Cesarewitch, and next day the ever-intriguing Co-ops. are starting once more at the Prince of Wales's, and Beckett's fighting Moran at the Albert Hall.

卐

AND there are later trains on the Tubes, so we can lead a perfect *devil* of a life so long as we catch the 12.49, or whatever it is, to our little grey homes in the West. . . . ! *What* a reckless, pleasure-seeking nation we *are* becoming—what ?

With love,

yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

'Coming home with the milk'

SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph ALMOST BECALMED *[A. W. Fielder*

The start of the Thames Sailing Club's race for the Clayton Challenge Cup for boats of the "A" class. The wind was very light and at times there was almost a flat calm. The race was ultimately won by Mr. C. P. Gosnell's "Saucy Sally" which is seen on the left of the picture

Photographs

W. C. CRAWLEY

Winner of the Men's Singles at the Roehampton Club's recent hard court lawn tennis tournament and also of the Mixed Doubles with Miss McKane. He is here seen making a "jumping smash"

Sport and General

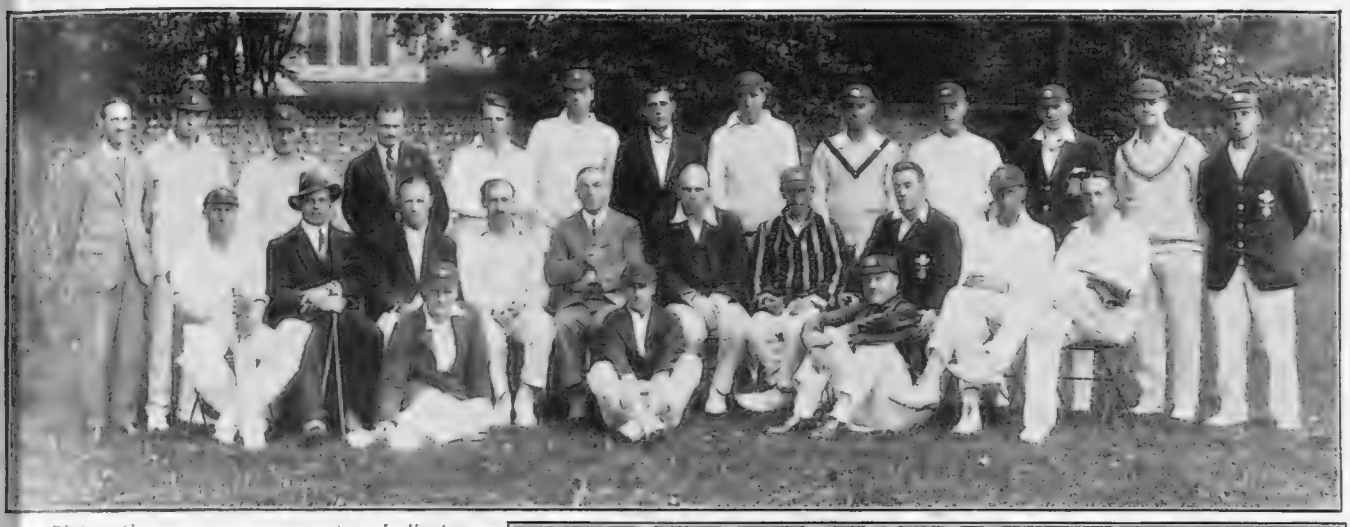
F. LEACH (NORTHWOOD, left) AND G. GADD (ROEHAMPTON)

Finalists in the £750 Golf Tournament, which has come to be regarded as the professional match play championship, at Sunningdale last week. The contest was remarkable for the number of "pro's" of renown, who "fell by the way" and also for the number of matches won by Gadd at the 19th hole. Gadd and Leach have never before been as prominent as they were last week, the former beating Leach by 5 and 4

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE FOURTH GREEN AT SUNNINGDALE

Where the big professional tournament was held last week. The player putting is A. G. Havers (West Lancashire), one of several stars of the first magnitude who lost to players who were not expected to beat them. His conqueror was Leach



Photograph *J. Weston*

THE R.A.F. v. THE REST OF ENGLAND

Positively the last cricket match of the season was played at Eastbourne, when the Royal Air Force held a very successful "week." The R.A.F. won by 8 wickets. As will be observed, many cricketers of renown were playing, including A. E. R. Gilligan, Hon. L. H. Tennyson, A. W. Carr, P. G. H. Fender, Rev. F. G. Gillingham, A. H. H. Gilligan, N. Haig, Hobbs, Waddington, Woolley and Rhodes

Photograph *Sport and General*

CHANGING BATONS IN THE 880 YDS. RELAY RACE

At the Amateur Athletic Association's Sports at Stamford Bridge. There were two relay races on the programme and both were won by the Surrey A.C. H. Britton won the ten miles running championship in exactly the same time to a fifth of a second as G. H. Watts (see below) won the seven miles walk

Photograph *Sport and General*

G. H. WATTS

Winner of the seven miles walking championship at Stamford Bridge. His time was 53 min. 24⅕ secs.

Photograph *Sport and General*

F. H. X. GWYNNE (BLACKHEATH) TACKLES C. A. KERSHAW

Just as he is about to pass the ball in the match between Blackheath and the United Services at Blackheath. It resulted, after a great struggle, in a draw of one goal all.

DOGS of HIGH DEGREE

TRAGIC DECLINE AND FALL OF BILFRID

BY "THE KENNELMAN"

THE Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace was top-hole; a record turn-out in every way as I said it would be; but, as THE BYSTANDER is not precisely an antiquarian journal, and as last week now belongs to history, I suppose I mustn't gossip about it, much as I'd like to.

A great Show; good judging; superb Dogs; and quite a lot of nice remarks about these Doggy notes in THE BYSTANDER. Made the Kennelman blush, some of 'em; especially the one from the flattering lady in a judging Ring, who told an onlooker that if she could get hold of "that sort of a Kennelman," other exhibitors would stand a poor chance against her Dogs! Dear lady, you may take it from me that there's nobody, nobody at all, can do quite so much or so well for the Dogs as their owner; or, should I say, the human they own? It's dogged as does it; the care that knows no deviation, no off days. Spasms and intermittency can never give good results, with Dogs—or anything else. Your two Juniors were very prettily turned out; perfectly charming; but—they weren't *sound*. They'd been admirably prepared for the Show; but not for life. No matter how much skill or care go to preparation for Show, they never can make up for off days of anything approaching neglect in the first six or twelve months of the youngsters' rearing. Cow hocks, wobbly forelegs, damp ground—— Ay di mi! But I'm real grateful for your appreciation of these poor notes, and wish you all manner of luck.

Talking of Kennelmen, it seems I've lost a clinking good kennel assistant in my—well, my *Terrier*, Bilfrid. (Between you an' me, Bilfrid's Dandie Dinmont mother was led into a *mésalliance* with a raffish Don Juan of a West Highlander, so that Bilf is really—Oh, well, he's a *Terrier* of sorts, anyhow, and no end of a man of tne world.) When I first established myself here with Bilfrid, I can assure you he was just as helpful to me with the Hounds as a jolly good House Prefect could be to a House Master; almost, perhaps, inclined to sneak on 'em occasionally, in his zeal. A real martinet, he was; and they couldn't possibly get into mischief behind my back without Bilf letting me know about it.

But now—— Well, look here! There's a rather nice Victoria plum tree in a corner of the run, and the Bloodhound whelps took to "digging up" all round its roots, and, what's worse, to gnawing and scratching off its bark. Of course, I practised all my usual arts of reason and suasion with 'em. I hate destruction, and meant saving that tree. (Victoria plums, when choice, are pleasant eating, too.) Trouble was it seemed impossible to catch the beggars at their nefarious work, and with all Dogs I believe in punishment only for the red-handed. To cut it short, I found this week that they perfectly understand the whole business, and that ever since the game was first *verboten* they've never once tackled it without first posting Master Bilfrid on watch by the gate, as sentry. The moment my step sounded on the path outside—forty yards away—Bilf would give two staccato barks; no more, no less; but an infant in arms would recognise the *Cave!* note of warning in his voice; and so I never caught the whelps at their digging. I don't think Bilf loves me any less, but he's come to love the Hounds so much more than he did at first, that—— You see how it is. As Kennel Assistant the beggar's a wash-out.

"The faithful hound"

Kennel runs: If expense is no object, this won't interest you, as present cost of orthodox iron kennel fencing will present no problems. I've only recently discovered that split chestnut palings and wire fencing (1½ in. spacing), if properly stretched when put up, makes top-hole enclosures; good and safe for any breed, and very durable. I've tested it for big and active hounds, and like it well. Cost: about a quarter that of kennel railing. In erection, blocks and tackle are wanted for straining to the posts. Use plenty posts. The cost of an extra lower wire just above ground is trifling.

"Why aren't there more good Dog Shows in the big country towns and resorts of the southern counties? Why should these lag behind northern provincial towns?" I'm afraid this is beyond me. It's certainly not due to any scarcity of good Dogs in the south. Proximity of London may have something to do with it. Correspondents on this point should get into touch with the reorganised Southern Counties Canine Association; Hon. Sec., Mr. W. G. Hicks-Beach.

The Bloodhound tracking trials in Wilts were great sport, and, from the number of newcomers attracted, one gathers the classic breed is looking up. There's none more fascinating.

Correspondents, please! Enquiries about Show entries, regulations, etc., really should go to the Show Secretaries. That's what they're for. Registration fees, etc.: Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly.

By the way, especially for big Dogs, it's rather a mistake to be frightened of winter whelpings. Given proper care, winter-bred pups can be very hearty; keen on their grub and exercise; and that helps development. I see no reason for losing half a year by giving late autumn matings a miss.

WARING & GILLOW'S NEW VALUES IN ELECTRO-PLATE, SILVER-WARE & CUTLERY

A. Case 6 Silver "Bean" Coffee Spoons **18/6**

B. "Waring Plate" Bread Platter . **42/-**

C. Case 6 Ivorine Round or Square Handle "Rustless" Tea Knives **15/6**

D. "Waring Plate" Breakfast Cruet . **25/6**

E. "Waring Plate" and Cut Glass Biscuit Box **35/-**

F. "Waring Plate" 3 cup Egg Frame **45/6** 4 cup **57/6**

G. "Waring Plate" Egg and Toast Frame **35/6**

H. "Waring Plate" Egg and Condiment Frame **42/6**

Carriage paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.
Write for Catalogue of Silver Ware, or Catalogue of any Department.

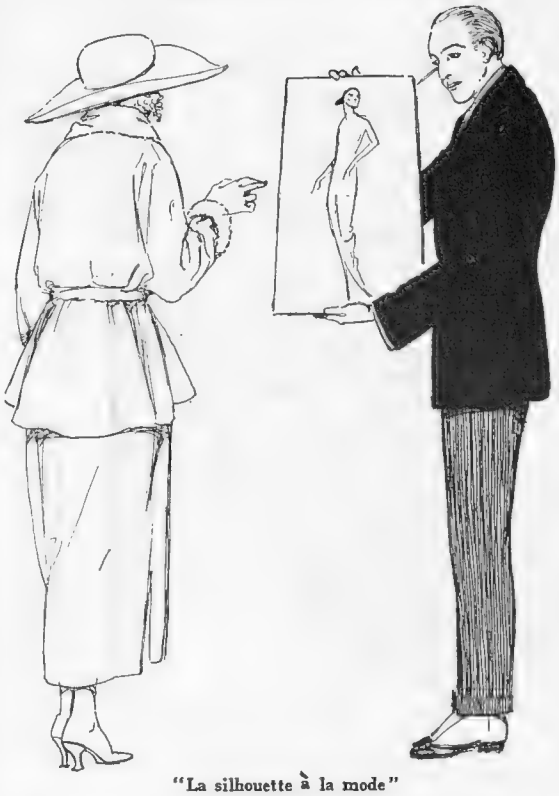
WARING & GILLOW LTD.

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Museum 5000.

And at Manchester and Liverpool.

EVERYTHING for the complete furnishing, decoration and equipment of the HOME.



"La silhouette à la mode"

THE TRAGEDY *of the* FIGURELESS FEMALES

By "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

I DEPLORE that it is I who should have to break the news to you. But as you have been blamed, one is bound to mention it. Someone would most certainly do so. And perhaps in less kindly fashion. So I shall reveal the crime with which you are charged, gently, cautiously, discreetly, gradually. After this you shall determine what you are going to do about it. For something has most certainly to be done. The fair form of France is at stake. And that is an affair which does not brook the slightest slackness, of purpose or intent.

ONE had omitted to announce that these remarks, intended to warn and to appeal, are addressed to the *amies Anglaises*. Not the least concern have they with the brothers or the husbands, the fathers or the cousins. Perhaps they may hold for them the interest. *En effet*, they may contain for them much of the interest. Of one thing I am certain. Their sympathy will be with the French "line." One has not ever met the honest and candid Englishman who did not prefer the *forme Française* to the absence of *forme Anglaise*. The English ladies may not like that. But the plain truth must be told. No doubt the Englishmen have reserved their confessions for this side of the Channel. But the present situation is of such awful gravity that the past confidences must not be limited by the barrier of the narrow waters.

WELL, the crisis has begun like this. Under a crude and somewhat callous headline, "The Flat Woman," a talented writer has told a pitiful story. Two *jeunes filles* have recently died because they sought to be beautiful after the present fashion, that is to say, flat. He has precised the details: In order to attain the *silhouette* which has been launched by the designers *à la mode* they have, systematically, starved themselves. They have succeeded to arrive at the straight *silhouette* which has been the object of their desires. But they have so weakened their constitutions that when they have been attacked by a mild illness their strength has been insufficient to resist, and they have succumbed.

IN order not to harrow too greatly your feelings, I will say I have the doubts if the tale is true, despite the addition of the circumstantial details. If one should accept these—which one does not, it is a *savant* who has narrated this dreadful *histoire*, and he has accused the designers of the *journaux de mode* and the catalogues of the *grands magasins*. Is reputed to have said this *savant*, that these devastators have been responsible for numbers of dramas of this kind. That they have created a type of woman "with hollow cheeks, elongated figures, and flat chests. To make themselves resemble the models which are portrayed they strive to make themselves lean and finally succumb, which proves that the means which they employ are efficacious, for to make themselves fade to a shadow and then finally to fade away altogether is obviously to attain the full extent of leanness."

"One of them has upbraided her mother"

AND not content to indulge in the fade-awayness themselves, these girls have had the temerity to reproach the other persons who have ignored

(Continued on page 134)

Born 1820——————*Still going Strong!*

The "OLD GEORGE," Salisbury:—Built in 1320, and full of the well-preserved timbering and panelling of the Middle Ages. Here Pepys stayed and grumbled at the heavy bill.

Shade of Pepys: "Ah, JOHNNIE WALKER! had I known you there would have been many another line to my famous diary—'Another JOHNNIE WALKER and so to bed'."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The "Three Castles"

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

Virginia 25th Novr 1759

Gentn

Sometime this Week I expect to get on board the Cary for your House, Fifty Hogsheads Tobo of my own and Jno Parke Custis's, which please to Insure in the usual manner — I shall also by the same Ship send you ten or 12 Hhds more if I can get them on board in time, but this I believe will be impractacable if Captn Talman uses that dispatch in Loading which he now has in his power to do

Jam Gentn Yr Most Obedt Hble Ser

G. Washington

PS: My Goods pr Captn Yates are arrivd in James River, and I thank you for your diligence in sending them

Robt Cary Esqr & Compy

Facsimile of letter from George Washington November 25th 1759

W.D & H.O. WILLS, BRISTOL & LONDON, ENGLAND.

T.C.36.

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

"By their Signs Ye Shall Know Them"

BY MARCHANT-SMITH

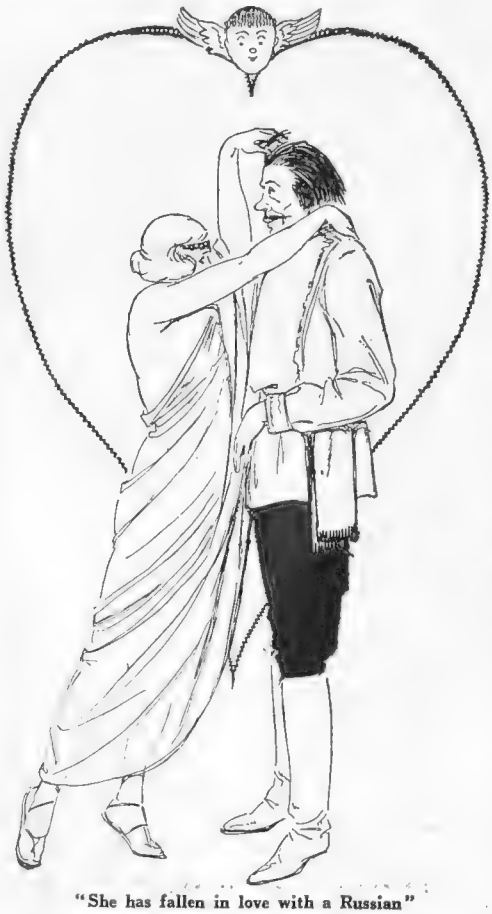
"All girls are essentially the same," says the cynic. Well, here are a few types reduced to their essentials

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE FIGURELESS FEMALES" (*concluded*)

the call of the bustless *silhouette*. Thus has one of them upbraided her mother because she has weighed *soixante-cinq kilos.*, which is, after all, quite a normal weight for a *dame mûre* of fifty. To utter such a reproach is a worse crime than to fade away, is it not?

BUT one has the suspicion that this *histoire poignante* has been invented by the talented writer to rouse the passions for a crusade against the *mode* of the flat woman. He has, it must be said, at once achieved a certain amount of success. Voices have been raised on all the sides in sympathy. There has been a demand for the return of the bust. And not a woman has dared to utter a word in the defence of the elongated figure with the chest that is flat. It would appear the position has been captured without the defence. Whether the bust shall return at call is not so evident. But the protagonists of the crusade for a revival have the such confidence that they are now more occupied to fix the blame for the vanishment.

"They have a quarrel, as lovers do"



"She has fallen in love with a Russian"

THAT is where the *amies Anglaises* come under the rain of slings and of arrows. It is they who are held to be the guilty ones. The *idéal* Anglo-Saxon, it is asserted, has insensibly insinuated itself into the French *mode feminine* to the such extent that it had become the very idea which the Frenchwomen had of *la beauté*. The *demoiselle*, or the dame, without the bust is not a product of the French soil, it is insisted. From the slim but *vigoreuses* and *musclées Dianes* of the school of Fontainebleau under François Ier, to the plump Venus who figures in the pictures of Fragonard and Boucher, the *Française* has always an abundance of figure, it is proudly proclaimed.

THE dogma of the woman without hips and without bust has been introduced by the modern *mode*, but the origin of that *mode*, it is protested, is English. The "tailor-made" is placed in the pillory as the original terrible model along with the *sèches* ladies of London who have fostered it. These are the real criminals, is the charge.

AND they have much to answer for. For the *Françaises* have certainly developed the flat *silhouette* to a dreadful extent. It could have been allowed that the *tailleur*, straight and masculine of cut, does possess the advantages for the *footing*. But the cult of the flat-chest has been carried into the *robes de ville* and the *robes du soir*. Not a sign of a bust is to be traced anywhere. And so determined have been some of the *élégantes* to make themselves lean that they have weighed themselves each morning to record the progress. One among them has been overjoyed to be able to announce that she is but thirty-three kilos., even "with her pearls."

THIS is, indeed, the *snobisme*, and the *Anglaise* is reproached most vigorously for her responsibility. Now that you have been warned, and appealed to, perhaps you shall do something to undo the mischief and help to bring back the banished "figure."

PARIS has enough had of the straight and narrow way. *Heureusement* that all old customs and old friends do come back in their turn. Even Isadora Duncan does return from Russia with her young husband, the Bolshevist poet. There is the much interest in this, to know how they converse when the language of the other is unknown to either. The repertoire of the signs is so restricted. What happens when they have a quarrel, as lovers do? Much speculation has prevailed about this.

ROLAND

Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!

DO you realise that Good Health mainly depends upon adequate nourishment being assimilated by the system? Only nutriment can repair tissue wastage and keep body and brain in a condition of vigorous health.

You can make sure of enjoying good health if "Ovaltine" is your daily beverage instead of tea or coffee. This delicious food-beverage supplies a super-abundance of those food elements which are essential for maintaining strength and vitality.

"Ovaltine" contains the concentrated nutriment and health-giving properties extracted from Nature's Tonic Foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs and cocoa. One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

P. 163

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C. 1.

Works: King's Langley.

The Hand of Goodfellowship

ITS USE AND ABUSE IN GAMES

I SEE that the directors of one of the big Association football clubs which provide entertainment for the masses have issued an edict condemning the practice which is now freely indulged in on the field of play by the members of a team which has scored a goal of shaking hands with the player by whom the goal has actually been kicked. The reason for their determination to put an end to this practice is a very sound one. They say, quite rightly, that when a goal is scored it is the result of the joint efforts of the team.

THE scoring kick may have been actually made—as it is in nine cases out of ten—by a forward, but the opening for the successful shot will probably have been made (by means of a timely pass) by a fellow forward, who in his turn has been helped, equally probably, by other forwards and by the half-backs and backs behind them. Sometimes, it is true, a goal is scored by what is hideously described in journalese as "a solo effort," but most goals are the result of the combined skill of the team as a whole. It is, therefore, a mistake to single out any one member of the team for congratulation, and the team, at any rate, ought to be fully aware of this. As a matter of fact, the spectators are usually so well versed in the niceties of the game that they are equally alive to this fact. Moreover, it is from them that the applause should come.

I AM inclined to go a bit further without (I hope) being accused of the crime of generalising from a particular instance. I think that the handshaking business and other similar expressions of praise and congratulation are apt in these days to be somewhat overdone in all branches of competitive sport, and that players of games in general are prone to err too much on the side of demonstrativeness. I regard it as the chief merit of the Englishman that, whether he plays his games badly or well, he is careful to treat his games as games, and for that reason to avoid making a song about them when he happens to be playing them in public.

THE Rugby footballer is, to my mind, a pattern of deportment in this respect. When a Rugby football side gains a try—there are, of course, exceptions, but they do not happen often enough to matter—its members seem bent on making as little as possible of the incident. When it loses a try its members do not hasten to indicate to the members of the other side what fine fellows they are. The situation, whatever its immediate colour, is accepted as part and parcel of an enjoyable afternoon.

WHEN lawn tennis players meet in an International encounter at Wimbledon or elsewhere the loser hastens, directly the match is over, to shake hands with and congratulate the winner. That is quite as it should be. It is the outward and visible sign of the *entente* between nations in a sport in which they are at once keen rivals and the best of friends. But when at any ordinary, every-day sort of tournament this same ceremony is solemnly enacted by two English players who have been playing against (or with) each other all through a season it seems to me to be just a trifle out of place. Indeed, the practice of shaking hands after a match is gradually becoming so universal that it will soon be a mere formality devoid of any real significance.

AT Wimbledon this year two famous players came into the arena with their mascots, and posed for the photographers holding them in their hands. They were then placed by the umpire's chair, and the match at length began. It, of course, amused a certain section of the crowd, but I could not help asking myself whether it was quite an appropriate adjunct of an amateur game, and what players of ten or fifteen years ago, such as the Dohertys, would have thought of it.

I SUPPOSE it is agreed by everyone who has seen the Dohertys that their deportment in court was just about as perfect as anything human can be. The reason of this was that they studiously avoided anything in the way of demonstrativeness or playing to the gallery. From the moment they stepped into the court they did everything as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, and whatever their inward feelings may have been their outward demeanour was always one of good humour and serenity. When the match was over they greeted their opponents with an engaging smile, but only shook hands with them when the occasion demanded it. There are men like them in the world of sport to-day, but we could do with a good many more.

H. S. S.

By Victor Hicks

A BIG SUCCESS—PROPERLY "CONDUCTED"

A "Bystander" suggestion to popularise the Pirate 'Bus

Summit Quarter-size COLLARS Shape 87

THE wide cut-away, with points well under the waistcoat, makes this essentially the collar for wear with the larger knots now so much in favour.

Quarter size fittings—four to the inch—from 13½ to 18½ inches.

1/- each - Six for 6/-

At all Austin Reed Shops

Sample Collar and Booklet, Post Free, 1/-

Write to 113 Regent Street, W.1

AUSTIN REED LTD

"Hosiers to Discerning Men"

NINE LONDON SHOPS

Also at
Birmingham · Manchester
Bristol & Preston

South America

R.M.S.P. P.S.N.C.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE E.C.2
& AMERICA HOUSE COCKSPUR ST. S.W.1.

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GOREE, WATER STREET
LIVERPOOL

Also at MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, & SOUTHAMPTON

A BOTTLE OF

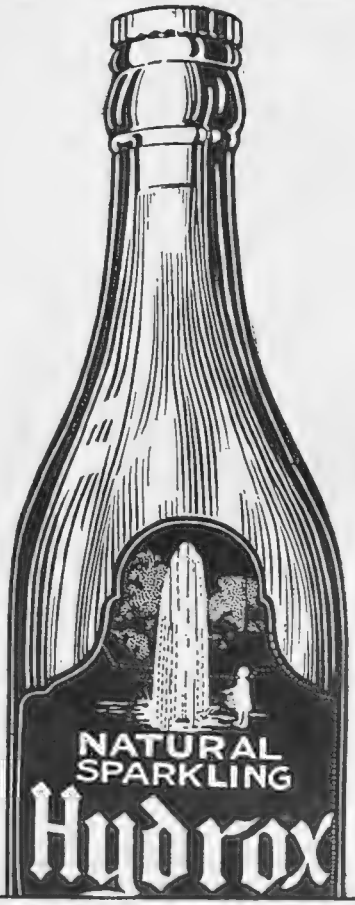
Hydrox

The British *Natural* Soda Water

FREE

In order to *prove* the superiority of 'Hydrox' over any other Table Water in the world we will send you a bottle *free and post paid* if you will write for it. We could not afford to do this if we did not know that drinking 'Hydrox' is its best advertisement.

IT costs no more to drink regularly the purest Table Water. You owe it to yourself to know which is the best. 'Hydrox' contains, in solution, bi-carbonate of soda and other salts. It is invaluable to those suffering from Gout or Rheumatism. It is soft and undoubtedly the purest and finest NATURAL Soda Water so far discovered in Nature. You can obtain it from your Dealer. If he will not supply you—we will. Send for a free bottle *now* please, while you think of it.



USE THIS COUPON

HYDROX, Ltd., 11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

Please send *free and post paid* one bottle of Hydrox *Natural* Soda Water to :—

Name .....

Address .....

Dealers' Name .....

Address ..... B.

POST IT NOW TO
HYDROX LTD.
11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

C.F.H

MOTOR NOTES

With legislation in the offing in regard to the Lights on Vehicles Bill, together with shortened days and lengthened nights, once more the anti-dazzle devices are being brought more prominently forward by the motor trade to the notice of motorists. Consequently, I may be pardoned for referring to a device for controlling the glare of head-lights introduced a week or so ago by Mr. T. L. Delaney, of the Gallay Radiator Company, Ltd., of Willesden. Its chief merit is its simplicity and small cost, for it consists of using the metal cells, or honeycombs, of the radiators built by this firm as a screen that can be placed either behind or in front of the ordinary head-lamp glass. This screen is composed of curved strips of thin metal superimposed one upon another in such a manner that a series of curvilinear rhomboids are formed—the technical description of an irregularly shaped honeycomb. The two lower curved surfaces of the rhomboid act in conjunction with the small upper curved surface in trapping those particular rays of light which constitute objectionable glare and projecting them forward and downwards.

AT ELVISTON, EARL HARRINGTON'S DERBY SEAT

Two of the latest models of the 11.9 h.p. Bean car at the massive gates of the Earl of Harrington's residence at Elviston, Derbyshire

The effect when I saw a demonstration of the device is that as long as the eyes of those persons in front of lamps so fitted are not directly facing the lamp, but are slightly sideways to it, the rays of light do not dazzle them. But, as I said before, it is simple and cheap, two essential features nowadays, and motorists might try it at night-time when driving in the dark and see for themselves whether it cuts off too much side light. The inventor says it does not, but each driver has his own views on this point, some people wanting more and others less to drive with safety to themselves and other folks on the road.

Dear old Mays, as the popular Sir Alfred Mays-Smith is called by his pals, is very much upset because the wicked Fourth Estate, as represented by the scare-line reporter, has declared that the prices of cars are coming down. Consequently, since then no one has bought any, and the trade that was doing quite a reasonable amount of business has gone flop. Why, Mr. ex-President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, why does not your body all agree that price changes should be announced simultaneously to the public, like the Petrol Distributing Companies have done for many years? Then junior reporters out for stunts could not get

(*Continued on page 140*)

ONE OF THESE GRADES
of Shell Motor Lubricating Oil
is EXPRESSLY for YOUR Car:—

SINGLE Shell
DOUBLE Shell
TRIPLE Shell
GOLDEN Shell

AS SUPERIOR for LUBRICATION as SHELL SPIRIT is for MILEAGE

"Every Drop Tells"

SHELL MOTOR LUBRICATING OILS

Write for booklet giving the correct grades of Shell Oil for all Cars

SHELL-MEX, Ltd., Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2

Get back to Good Cigarettes

The aim of the anti-'gasper' movement, in which The Aristocrat of Cigarettes is taking the initial step, is to urge smokers to give their palate and good cigarettes the consideration they deserve.

IT is a deplorable fact that many men of otherwise refined taste are smoking 'gaspers.' It is not because they cannot afford to smoke a good cigarette. It is not because they do not prefer a good cigarette. It is simply because 'gasper' smoking has become a habit—a legacy of the days when good cigarettes were almost unobtainable.

'Gasper'-smoking, when smoking is viewed in relation to other pleasures that refinement seeks to perfect, shows a touch of the decadent. Its appeal is to coarseness. It merely satisfies a nervous craving without yielding any genuine enjoyment.

Instead of pleasure, solace to the nerves, the stimulation to the intellect which good cigarettes bring, the 'gasper' is a source of throat irritation, tongue soreness and headaches.

GET BACK TO GOOD CIGARETTES!

Let your next purchase be one of *good* cigarettes. You will find them not only better for your health, but also more economical to smoke, because in smoking *good* cigarettes you smoke for pleasure alone, your smoking satisfies you, and therefore you smoke in moderation.

(The word 'gasper' is used in reference to no one particular brand of cigarettes, but to cheap cigarettes in general.)

"De Reszke"

The Aristocrat of CIGARETTES

From Earl Winterton:—
"Lord Winterton considers the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes excellent."

Edmund Dulac writes:—
"The exquisite flavour of your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes is the result of an æsthetic inspiration."

Sir Aubrey Dean Paul, Bart., writes:—
"The 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are delightful; I have found in them qualities long sought."

TENOR
The TURKISH Cigarette with the PRE-WAR quality. In boxes of 10 for 1/3½; 25 *for* 3/2; 50 *for* 6/1; 100 *for* 11/9

AMERICAN
The VIRGINIA Cigarette with the TENOR reputation. In boxes of 10 for 10d.; 25 *for* 2/1; 50 *for* 4/2; 100 *for* 8/2

Obtainable at all leading Tobacconists and Stores, or from—
J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD., 86, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

ahead of you, as what happened was that one or two—perhaps one might say three or four—motor manufacturing concerns sent out announcements that their prices were reduced, and asked that it should be publicly stated, so the Young Man in a Hurry, hard up for a motor story, naturally would write that prices were falling. Why, only recently did I receive a halfpenny post-card—I did not before realise they still existed — from a semi-trade, semi-popular weekly from its editor, informing me, as a private car owner, that "most of the manufacturers are in a position to announce considerable reductions in the prices of their cars," and, moreover, emphasised the "considerable reductions" by putting it into heavy type. The truth of the matter is price reduction, where it will take place, was announced in September instead of November this year, and that is a matter for the trade to settle as to its wisdom or otherwise. Don't blame the wielders of the pen.

* * *

I SUPPOSE the Sunbeam motor-cycle is about top of its market at the moment; I can think of no other make that combines such fluency of motion and such perfection of design. Motor-cycles are usually grimy affairs, they mostly have a tendency to inflict liberal splashes of oil upon you and your clothing, but the Sunbeam, with its enclosed transmission and splendid "little oil-bath"—why "little"? I don't know, it does mighty big work—can be ridden with impunity in the whitest of white flannels, and, by virtue of the most effective mud-guarding I have yet encountered on a motor-cycle, you may ride through a sea of inky puddles and those flannels will still be spotless. I know, because this "8-horsed" Sunbeam was the first upon which I dared to venture without covering of many coats and protective leggings! It's the all-weather machine all right.

* * *

A DETAILED description of the motive power of this powerful machine is unnecessary, but its immediate response to control and its capability of flattening out the stiffest hill with an economical minimum of acceleration cannot be praised too enthusiastically. The attached side-car was a most luxurious mount, and with windscreens and hood up the passenger might be enclosed in the most elaborate of modern limousines. The lighting, of course, was by Magdyno (as they say on the stage), and I don't think there could be a more reliable or effective generating set. Smooth running with very slight vibration, the Sunbeam all-weather machine would certainly receive preferential choice from me on account of its basic reliability, style and all-round excellence. Assuredly the leading light of the motor-cycle market.

OLD HY.

CRASHED!

A small Singer after a nasty argument with a motor-cyclist. Although the latter in his hasty impact smashed the wind-screen and was thrown over the car, no one received the smallest damage from the broken but unsplintered glass. It was Triplex, of course!

Olympia Stand 273

The SIX-CYLINDER World Renowned Car de Luxe — Export Price in PARIS, Chassis Frs. 39,600

The "GRAND SPORT" The Right Car for High-Speed Touring — Export Price in PARIS, Chassis Frs. 43,200

The 11-H.P. Ideal Light Car — Export Price in PARIS, Chassis .. .. Frs. 20,400

WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKING SYSTEM

The effectiveness of which is such that the life of tyres is doubled by virtue of the braking strain being equally shared by all four tyres. This braking system is essential to secure the maximum efficiency and economy.

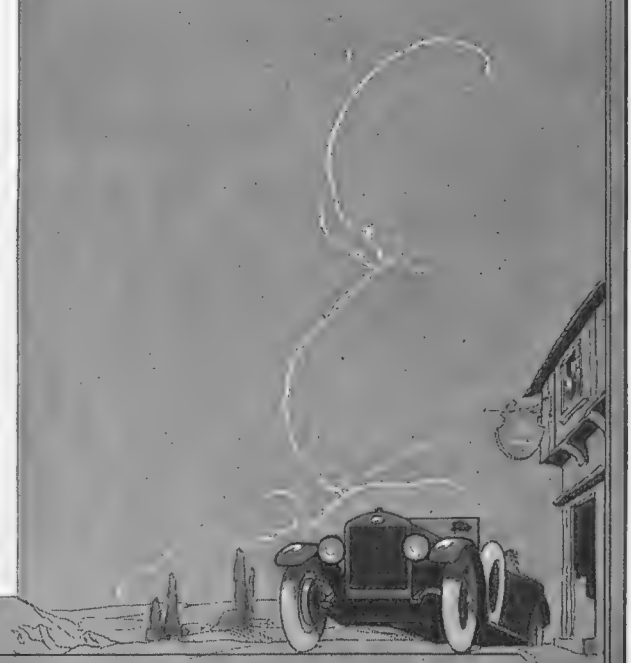
In 1919 DELAGE & CO. adopted the Four-Wheel Braking System for their Six-Cylinder Car. Since then they have fitted Four Wheel Brakes to all DELAGE Models, being the first firm in the world to do so.

OUR ENGLISH AGENCIES

Agent in LONDON: The London and Parisian Motor Co. Ltd.—87 Davies Street; MANCHESTER: Central Motor Agency—243 Deansgate; WIGAN: H. H. Timberlake—28 King Street; GRIMSBY: Lovelace (J.C.)—Wintringham Road; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Cawthorn Ltd.—College Avenue; SWINDON: Skurray's.

Besides these chassis which can be delivered quickly, DELAGE & CO. have always in stock, ready for the road, Complete Cars of each of these Models.

DELAGE



DELAGE *140, Champs-Elysées PARIS.*

AUTUMN & WINTER GOLFING HOLIDAY

THE STATION HOTEL,
Turnberry (Ayrshire),

is particularly well situated for a golfing holiday in the Autumn, Winter, or Spring, the climate being usually mild, with a low average rainfall, and fog and snow practically unknown. The hotel is well warmed and ventilated, and provides *hot and cold sea-water baths*, billiard room (three tables), hairdressing saloon, etc.

The golf course is in fine condition.

For further particulars and special reduced tariff write "Resident Manager."

The Glasgow & South-Western Railway Hotels are:—

ST. ENOCH STATION HOTEL, GLASGOW.
STATION HOTEL, AYR.
STATION HOTEL, DUMFRIES.
STATION HOTEL, TURNBERRY.

J. H. THOMAS, *Manager*, CHIEF OFFICE, GLASGOW.

Screw back

then push the new lead in at the point; Simplicity itself; The lead is firmly held in the patent friction grip. When you wish to write—a half turn of the screw cap brings out the lead—always pointed—immediately at your service.

VENUS No. 38
THIN LEADS
The finest thin leads obtainable.

2B Soft & Black.
B Soft.
HB Soft Medium.
F Firm.
H Medium Hard.
2H Hard.
4H Extra Hard.

Of all Stationers, 1/- per Box.

Write us for free sample box.

Ask your Jeweller or Stationer to show you

The VENUS EVERPOINTED PENCIL

In all styles and sizes from 7/- upwards; or if any difficulty in obtaining, write to:

VENUS, Lower Clapton Road, E.5.

THE CAR OF INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION

1923 PRICES

Simultaneously with the opening of the Paris Automobile Salon, 4th October, 1922—which marks the real commencement of the 1923 Automobile Year—Fiat announces its 1923 models.

Whilst unable to make such sweeping reductions as in 1921, intelligent anticipation of a greatly increased output and reductions in cost of material and labour, enables the following prices to be fixed.

WARNING

Only by purchasing from us or through an authorised Fiat dealer is it possible to secure the full Fiat guarantee and efficient service system.

The public is warned not to purchase a Fiat car without this guarantee.

Fiat are justly proud of every motor vehicle, private or commercial, which bears their name—a name which has always stood for consistent high workmanship and material.

The Fiat Factory in Italy is the largest, most modern and best equipped automobile factory in Europe.

By the scientific selection and preparation of materials, the installation of the most efficient plant it is possible to command, and the adoption of economic production principles, Fiat products maintain their world-wide reputation for soundness and reliability. Fiat, during the last twenty years, have specialised in road-racing, the real reliability test.

In 1922 FIAT WON the three premier events:

The French Grand Prix
The Italian Grand Prix
The Italian Grand Prix (Light Cars).

Such a feat has never before been accomplished in automobile history, the engines of the winning cars differing little in size from the renowned 10/15.

The international character of the Fiat business is indicated by the fact that there are over 700 Branches and Distributing Agencies throughout the world.

	Old Price £	New Price £
10/15 H.P. Chassis	~~410~~	365
10/15 H.P. Torpedo	~~550~~	495
15/20 Chassis	~~550~~	510
15/20 H.P. Torpedo	~~800~~	710
20/30 H.P. 6-Cylinder Chassis	~~700~~	630
20/30 H.P. 6-Cylinder Chassis, Sports	~~745~~	670
20/30 H.P. 6-Cylinder Torpedo	~~980~~	850

DE LUXE MODELS
New Prices

10/15 H.P. Saloon	615
10/15 H.P. ¾ Coupe	700
15/20 H.P. Coupe Limousine or Landaulet	925
20/30 H.P. Limousine, Landaulet	1,100
20/30 H.P. Sports Torpedo	910

The above prices include Fiat Electric Starter, Lighting Set and Lamps, four "Michelin" Tyres, one Spare Wheel and Kit of Tools.

COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Particulars of the full range of Fiat Commercial Vehicles from 1 ton to 5 tons will be furnished on application.

The famous Fiat F2 1-ton Chassis, complete with 6 "Michelin" tyres, is reduced in price from £440 to **£390.**

FIAT MOTORS LIMITED
43-44 ALBEMARLE STREET
LONDON W.1
Works WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX
Phone: Gerrard 7946 (4 lines)
Wires: Fiatism, Piccy, London

Where Editors Agree

On some subjects, of course, editors of leading journals hold widely divergent views, but after examining the claims of

Ciro Pearls

to be the one perfect facsimile of the Oriental deep-sea pearl they agree unanimously. Read what some of them write:

TRUTH: Ciro Pearls are marvellous reproductions of the Oriental.

SKETCH: A test alone distinguishes Ciro Pearls from gems costing hundreds to thousands of pounds.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS: Ciro Pearls are beautiful, equalling in lustre, shape and colour the finest natural gems.

LADIES' FIELD: Ciro Pearls are quite indistinguishable from genuine pearls.

TATLER: Wonderfully realistic duplicates of true Oriental pearls.

SPHERE: Ciro Pearls are marvellous reproductions of the Oriental.

COMING FASHIONS: Seen side by side with the most costly gems, Ciro Pearls are absolutely undetectable.

BYSTANDER: Exquisite colour, texture and form; faithful replicas; true to type.

EVE: Ciro Pearls are as beautiful as the Oriental.

LONDON MAIL: It is an extravagance to indulge in real pearls when Ciro Pearls are obtainable.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet, No. 7, sent post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Ciro Pearls cannot be obtained anywhere in the Provinces.

Quality 1—7/11 *Quality 2—15/6*

"My Lady" Corselhip

A New Bone-less Corset.

"MY LADY" CORSETS provide styles for every taste. Here is the very latest design for those who prefer an unboned corset. "My Lady" Corselhip is a light, comfortable, elastic corset without bones of any kind except the front busk which holds the corset in position and prevents that uncomfortable riding-up which takes place when there is no supporting busk.

Ask your draper to show you this dainty new "My Lady" Model. "My Lady" Corsets are also made in a wide variety of other shapes to suit every type of figure, moderately priced from

6/6 to 2 Gns.

"My Lady" REG'D

"My Lady" Corsets are on sale at most high-class drapers. If you have any difficulty ask for name of nearest agent when writing for the "My Lady" Brochure.

Manufacturers:

Waterhouse Reynolds & Co Ltd. Leicester

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

TWO CHARMING CHILDREN'S MODELS
An attractive coat and skirt of cherry-coloured frieze cloth, the straight coat being trimmed up the front and having collar and cuffs of grey Chinese slink. The little house-dress is fashioned of georgette in a delicious shade of amber, the skirt, all tucks, allied to a long waist bodice by a deep band
Sketched at Elizabeth's by Betty Nisbet

ALWAYS one of the busiest women in Town at this time of the year is Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street, W. Her summer sale was scarcely over ere she had to commence on school outfits. And apropos of that same sale, so large is the stock necessarily held by a children's *couturière*, there being no stock sizes where young people are concerned, she has still a few jolly serge frocks left over and also party dresses. These are well worth while securing at their greatly reduced prices, and Elizabeth will be only too glad to see the last of them, as her dainty little *salons* are stretched to their utmost capacity, and she has a wealth of new models to show.

Where all is so good it is difficult to particularise, but there can be very little doubt as to the success of some charming coats and skirts of coloured frieze cloth. There are various styles, though none more attractive, because so simple, than the example illustrated. This, a scheme of cherry colour, shown on a girl of about twelve years of age, the straight coat trimmed up the front, and having collar and cuffs of grey Chinese slink, the latter again appearing in the guise of a pom-pom on a jaunty little hat of corded cherry velvet. This suit and its *chapeau* can be worn weekdays or Sundays, and is being run through a delightful range of colours.

Likewise pictured is a smart little house dress, fashioned of georgette in a delicious shade of amber, the skirt all tucks, allied to a long waist bodice by a deep band. For a girl of from fourteen to sixteen Elizabeth is showing a wine-coloured velveteen frock, the neck piped with dull cerise, and the waist girdled with plaited suede in the two colours, ornamented either side the front with two flat floral *motifs*.

Fashionable Furs at City Prices

BEFORE travelling as far east as St. Paul's, it is just as well to know where exactly to go. You do not, as a rule, shop promiscuously in the City, and it is conceivable one might find it a little difficult to discover the City Fur Stores without bearing in mind that the number and address is 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. Even so, you have to take the first door on the left, up a small side street, and ascend a staircase ere arriving in the *salons* of these manufacturing furriers.

But once there, well, ye fates! there are bargains, because, of course, it is just dealing direct, with no intervening middleman. There is, for instance, the model illustrated, a full-length beaver coat, all picked skins, built on full, generous lines, with handsome shawl-shaped collar, and up-to-date sleeves, and lined throughout with a rich artistic brocade, only 69 guineas. Now a wrap of this sound description and value is almost a life-time friend, and beaver just now is much in the modistic sun, or a like style is procurable in electric seal, supplemented by a collar of natural skunk at 29 guineas, special emphasis being furthermore laid on a full-length natural musquash coat, made of whole skins, at 35 guineas, really unqualified value.

Nor have these furriers overlooked the demand prevailing for half-length coatees, these in either beaver coney, or electric seal coming out at 18 guineas. In little furs the choice is prolific, and range from a four-strand skunk stole 68 inches long at 15 guineas, to red fox and blue wolf animal ties at 8½ guineas, the value once again being impeccable, while the firm are shaking hands with themselves over the renewed arrival of Russian grey squirrel. A really sumptuous coat of this pelt is trimmed with rows of little tails, or, rather, the

A PERFECT BEAVER COAT
This is comprised of specially selected skins, built on full and generous lines with handsome shawl-shaped collar and up-to-date sleeves, lined throughout with a rich artistic brocade
Sketched at the City Fur Stores by B. B. Ketson

tips of the tail, and those who have 125 guineas to expend, allied to a desire for a wrap of really distinguished character, cannot do better than interview this model at 64, St. Paul's Churchyard.

A Notable Removal

THERE are several changes afoot in the world of dress, and the fact speaks for itself that among those who have had to extend their premises is Madame Barri, late 31, Baker Street, now 33, New Bond Street. It may be personal prejudice, but I *do* like this end of Bond Street, and the premises acquired by Madame Barri promise eventually to be among the most sumptuous in the neighbourhood.

It has been a big business tearing up the roots out of Baker Street, and carrying on as usual. But Madame is of the stuff that heroes, or, rather, heroines, are made of, and nothing daunted, you will find her standing calm and serene in her new establishment surrounded by all that is latest and best in the realms of dress.

She has gone in strongly for the fashionable knitted frock and coat and skirt, and has contrived, as usual, to hit upon exclusive sources for both. The frock illustrated, for example, is quite different in material expression to the majority, being fashioned of a silk and wool mixture with a ribbed surface, and on that it rests sublimely triumphant, as the style is supremely simple, and the cost is quite reasonable at 12½ guineas.

The coats and skirts are of a like irreproachable and original character, and, although these make a start at 6½ guineas, they are not comparable in any way with the familiar cheap little suits to be bought anywhere. There is, in particular, a purpled, marbled colouring that comes as a most refreshing change from the ubiquitous brown and bran mixtures, and the coats are so nicely modelled they can be worn either with or without a belt.

Smart Autumn Headgear

THE rumour is being pretty freely handed round that 1923 will see us wearing hats of prodigious proportions, and if this mode materialises it is to be hoped we shall all have lovely six-cylinder limousines to ride about in. Meanwhile, smaller hats are our immediate destiny, many elaborately veiled, for which decree many thanks from one *pauvre* person who has to battle through life in buses and trains.

It is only necessary to take a short walk round Town to realise how *épris* the *vraie élégante* is of the knitted suit and the neat, tailor-made hat, many of which—the hats, that is to say—can be traced back to that fine house of practical millinery, Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W. It would be impossible to better for all-round serviceableness the model illustrated of velours, the brim caught up either side to suggest a tricorne movement.

A KNITTED FROCK

This is of silk and wool and makes an extremely fashionable knitted frock, the material having a ribbed surface, greatly adding to its chic

Sketched at Madame Barri's by Betty Nisbet

This is offered in several colours and neutral *nuances*, a mole-grey appealing persuasively, trimmed with *cocardes* of parti-coloured ribbons. The ordinary squash velour shape here, of superfine quality, commences in price at 29*s.* 6*d.*

Then in suède there are many delightful pieces of headgear, notably the example pictured, that, in a long choice of colours, comes out at 25*s.*, another block style, bound and trimmed corded ribbon, hinting inexhaustible wear at 63*s.* In answer to the query as to plain felt hats, I was informed that the demand for these was greater than ever, consequently, a stock is being held of unprecedented size, and Henry Heath's felts, it will be recalled, are guaranteed rainproof and unspottable, essentials that are likewise embodied in some fascinating little squash velvet pull-ons, obtainable in mole, black, navy, and mauve.

Lack of space, alas! precludes a detailed description

(*Continued on page* viii)

TWO ATTRACTIVE HATS

The first, fashioned of suède, is a most becoming confection, and is obtainable in a variety of colours. The velour model, caught up either side to suggest a tricorne movement, is of mole-grey trimmed with cocardes of parti-coloured ribbons

Sketched at Henry Heath's, Oxford Street, by Betty Nisbet